

Pickup Lines

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Additional Tags:	Fluff , like FLOOFY fluff , smut? not likely , pining woohoo , Pining , Mutual Pining , you know how it is , inspired by every other DNF fic on this godforsaken website , i finally gave in and wrote a fic , cheesy pickup lines? yes pls , Pickup Lines , smol sprinkles of angst that may turn into big puddles later but let's not worry bout that shall we , multi chapter fic let's go babey , I already have the first six chapters planned lmao , Slow Burn , hell yeah we got that slow burn like a sunburn even though that makes no sense , first chapter is to explain things I'm SO SORRY I wrote out all the tags already , I had to change the tags because there's more angst than I thought there was , slow burn. slow burn. , go read something better
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Pickup Lines

by [SatanicDoormat](#)

Summary

Cute, cheesy little romance fic. When Dream tries out his pickup lines on George, Sapnap takes notice and hatches a plan. this popped into my head on a walk and it wouldn't stop nagging at me so I had to write this ;-;

took a lot of inspo from the fics Don't Call Me Sweetheart by @passmethemolly and Seven Minutes in Heaven, but it's Seven Days in Florida by @Ship_On_The_Sea. I can't stop rereading either D: please go check them out!

"Hey, George?"

"Yeah, Dream?"

"Do you believe in love at first sight, or should I walk by again?"

"...You're an idiot."

Notes

this first chapter is just to explain what the fic will be like and warnings and crap

sorry to get your hopes up, I just aLREADY WROTE OUT ALL THE TAGS OK
please forgive me D:

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Welcome to Pickup Lines!

Welcome to Pickup Lines! I'm really excited to write this :D

This is rated teen and up for language and maybe a few sexual jokes. There will be no smut.

I'm so sorry that this isn't a real chapter, please forgive me :(I'll have the first one out ASAP! hopefully even by the end of today!

if you're seeing this and I haven't posted the real first chapter yet or I'm not done with the fic, please comment pickup lines I'm begging you I can only find so many online

With love,

SatanicDoormat (but I prefer to go by Puff)

Did it hurt when you fell from heaven?

Chapter Summary

did I say fluff? I don't remember that
poor George

Chapter Notes

This first part is just George and Sap bickering a lot while speedrunning.
don't worry, large dose of dreamnotfound coming soon >:D
Also, IMPORTANT! this book is set in fall because George's birthday is November
1st. But it's not going to be cold, don't worry.
frick I've given away too much, on to the chapter boys

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Hey, everyone!” George smiled at the webcam, starting his stream cheerfully. The chat started to fill up rapidly due to a tweet George had posted ten minutes ago. The man waved before opening up Minecraft Launcher.

“Oh, I almost forgot.” George grinned sheepishly at the monitor. “Say hi, Sapnap.” He unmuted his friend, who was in the same channel.

Sapnap cut in, sounding injured. “How could you forget about me? And here I was staying quiet so you could start your stream.” he huffed in mock sadness.

“Oh, shush.” George rolled his eyes fondly. “So today, since our bigshot friend Dream-“

Sapnap made exaggerated kissing noises.

“You said you'd stay quiet!” George hissed, flushing before recomposing himself, to Sapnap's glee.

“Since our friend Dream currently holds the one-point-whatever world record-“ he paused to roll his eyes dramatically-“Yeah, yeah, pogs in the chat, whatever. So I thought we'd try speedrunning Hardcore Minecraft-me and Snapmap, here-“

George grinned as an indignant “Hey!” came through his headphones. *Payback*. “and try to beat his record. No, okay, I'm kidding. We probably couldn't do it anyway. I just wanted to prove that Sapnap here is a worse speedrunner than I am.”

“Am not! Wow, George, you’re just bullying me today.” Sapnap sniffled, pretending to cry. “But I’ll make up for it when I beat you.”

“Shut up, Sap. We’ll be on separate worlds, but I coded a plugin that links our achievements, so we’ll be able to see each other’s progress.” George grinned.

(this totally isn’t a real thing, but it’d be cool as heck if it’s possible (idk how you can link worlds lmao))

“Oh, and Sapnap’s streaming too, right?”

“Hell yeah! Guys, go to twitch.tv/sapnaptw. Watch me beat this dum-dum.” Sapnap yelled, nearly shattering George’s eardrums.

George snorts, pretending to be annoyed. “How dare you plug yourself on my stream. You are banished.”

Buddy was moved out of your channel.

“Okay, let me just start the timer...” George picked up his phone, fiddling with the stopwatch. On his monitor, something appeared in the in-game chat. George squinted at the message.

<Console>: Sapnap has made the achievement Stone Age.

“What?! That’s not fair! We haven’t even started yet!”

Buddy has joined your channel.

George’s ears were immediately assaulted by the sound of Sapnap’s maniacal laughter. “Try to keep up, Georgie!”

“Sapnap what the hell! We haven’t even started!” George shouted, frantically punching wood while arguing with the younger.

“So what? All’s fair in love and war, George.” Sapnap yelled back, crafting just as furiously.

<Console>: GeorgeNotFound has made the achievement Stone Age.

<Console>: Sapnap has made the achievement Getting an Upgrade.

Barely even a few minutes of banter later,

<Console>: Sapnap has made the achievement Acquire Hardware.

“What?! Sapnap, how the hell do you have iron?!” George gaped at the screen, forgetting for a moment his facecam was on. “I can’t believe you. You must have spawned that in. Chat, did he spawn that in?”

“George, you know that hardcore doesn’t allow cheats.” Sapnap teased. “You’re just mad ‘cause you’re bad.” The younger man grinned.

George huffed in annoyance, focusing on the game. His efforts were eventually rewarded.

<Console>: GeorgeNotFound has made the achievement Acquire Hardware.

<Console>: GeorgeNotFound has made the achievement Isn’t It Iron Pick.

<Console>: GeorgeNotFound has made the achievement Suit Up.

“Iron armor? No way.” It was Sapnap’s turn to gape as George sat back in his chair and laughed. “Get on my level! You might’ve gotten a head start, but I am the champion.”

“Shut up.” Sapnap grumbled, crafting a pickaxe.

<Console>: Sapnap has made the achievement Isn’t It Iron Pick.

After several minutes of intense silence, George piped up.

“Sap, what are you doing? You’ve been awfully quiet.”

“Aw, Georgie-poo, I didn’t know you cared!” Sapnap gushed, snickering.

“Oh, shut up. I’m just saying. Since you never shut that hole in your face.” George shot back.

Sapnap merely chuckled in response.

<Console>: *GeorgeNotFound has made the achievement* Monster Hunter.

“Huh, you must be in a cave.” Sapnap muttered, taking note of the daylight.

“How would you know that? We’re in different worlds, idiot.”

“Oh, right .” *Come on, come on, lava pool, lava pool-* “Yes!” Sapnap declared, dropping his water into a one-by-one hole.

“What is it?” George asked, biting his lip as he focused intently. *Sap better not have found diamonds.*

<Console>: *Sapnap has made the achievement* Hot Stuff.

<Console>: *Sapnap has made the achievement* We Need To Go Deeper.

“Oh, no.” George drew in a breath. “You’ve got to be joking. Do you even have armor?!”

Sapnap’s snickers echoed in George’s headphones. “Nope.” he answered, popping the P.

“Oh my goddd, I can’t believe this. You’re actually ahead of me.” George groaned.

“Ha, eat my dust, George.” Sapnap chuckled.

Not even a minute later, there it was.

<Console>: *GeorgeNotFound has made the achievement* Hot Stuff.

<Console>: *GeorgeNotFound has made the achievement* We Need To Go Deeper.

“What-!”

“Psych.” George grinned. “I can’t believe your chat didn’t rat me out. Right on your tail, Snapmap! Good job, chat.”

“Oh my god, this spawn is actual trash.” Sapnap complained. “At this rate, you’re going to get out of the Nether before I do.”

George merely chuckled in response.

<Console>: *Sapnap has made the achievement* Return to Sender.

“Ooh, impressive.”

“Yeah, I know, right?” Sapnap bragged, met with silence.

<Console>: *GeorgeNotFound has made the achievement A Terrible Fortress.*

“What the fu-GEORGE!” Sapnap yelled. Now George was laughing. “Get wrecked, Sapnap! That was probably the best spawn I’ve ever had!”

“So unfair. Even the game’s against me.” Sapnap huffed.

A few minutes later, George was still searching. “God, where is that blaze spawner? Maybe this spawn isn’t so great after all.”

Silence.

“Sapnap?” George was getting worried.

“Sap? Sap, you good?”

“No, no no no no no no no come on, come on!” Sapnap muttered. George could hear him pressing keys. “Uh, Sapnap? You good there?”

“NO!” the younger man yelled.

<Console>: *Sapnap was slain by Pigman.*

George started. *Oh, I forgot the plugin also displays death messages.* Then he started to snicker. Which turned into a full-blown laugh that made his stomach hurt.

“Shut up, George.”

“Oh-oh my god. Sapnap, you’re such an idiot!” George cackled. His stomach was seriously starting to hurt. “Who hits a pigman? Especially on hardcore mode!” That sent him into another round of giggles.

“...I don’t wanna play anymore.” Sapnap mumbled in embarrassment.

After another few minutes of snickering and F’s being spammed in the chat, George finally calmed down.

“Alright, fine. Wanna pop on the survival world?” George asked, already entering the IP.

“Yeah, sure.” Sapnap agreed. “Don’t get me wrong, though-I’ll beat you next time.” he challenged before joining.

George’s character ran over and punched him. “At least I don’t hit pigmen.” *Pigman? Pigmans? What even is the word for more than one of those?*

“Shut up! They just all came after me. It had to have been a glitch. I demand a rematch.” Sapnap joked.

“Oh, yeah, of course.” George rolled his eyes. “What’s that you said? All’s fair in love and war.”

if you happen to have been scrolling looking for a certain blob man, look no further

“Oh, and speaking of loooooove...” Sapnap drawled, directing George’s attention to a chat message.

Dream joined the game.

George’s ears turned red. “Sapnap, I hate you so much.” He covered his face.

Buddy joined your channel.

“Hey, George. Hey, Sapnap. Mind if I chill with you?” George could hear the smile in Dream’s voice, causing unfamiliar giddy feelings to rise up in his chest. George could barely force a wide smile off of his face, steeling himself.

Fuck, I really didn’t want to have to deal with this today. George swallowed, sitting back up in his chair.

“H-Hi, Dream. Yeah, sure...” He waved at the camera, one of the corners of his lips quirking up, forgetting for a second that Dream probably couldn’t see him.

“Aw, did you just wave at me? That’s so sweet.” Dream chuckled to himself.

“Wait a minute, are you watching my stream?!” George exclaimed indignantly, maybe sitting up a little straighter.

“Maybe.”

“How long have you been watching my stream?” George asked. A few of the happy bubbles in his chest popped, and he flushed a little.

“...A few minutes. Since right after I joined the call. Why?” Dream paused a few seconds before answering.

“Oh, no reason.” George felt a temporary wave of relief. *That means he didn't catch Sapnap's comment. Wait, then how did he know we were on?*

“Guys, would you quit third-wheeling me? I feel really left out.” Sapnap whined, punching their characters and jolting George out of his thoughts.

“Ow, stoppit. Go do something productive then, Pandas.” George punched Sapnap towards the forest. “Get wood, we need that.”

Dream chuckled.

“What, while you and Dream make out or something? Unfair. I always get the short end of the stick.” Sapnap huffed, heading towards the forest.

George almost choked, covering his face. “*Sapnap!*” He could feel his face getting redder and redder. *At this rate, I'm going to have to turn my facecam off.*

Dream started coughing really loudly. “Dude, you made me swallow my water wrong.” Dream accused.

Sapnap snickered. “Worth it.” He started breaking wood with an axe.

“Hey, George?” Dream asked, after a few minutes. The older man stopped killing cows.

“Yeah, Dream?” George answered, not really paying attention. At the moment, he was trying to quell the emotions swirling in his stomach.

“I-um,” Dream cleared his throat before blurting out, “Do you mind if I test out pickup lines on you?”

George choked. He distinctly heard Sapnap laughing in the background, but he was barely audible over the sound of blood rushing through George’s ears. The man buried his face in his hands.

What the fuck am I even supposed to think at this point?! What is that even supposed to mean?! For a second, he allowed an inkling of hope to make its way into his chest before squashing it.

“Oh my god , Dream!” Sapnap wheezed. “That is the most random thing you’ve ever said. Little bit suggestive, too.” He wiggled his eyebrows.

Dream chuckled nervously. “How is that-Shut up, okay? I, uh, I’ve got a date tomorrow, and I was wondering if George would consent to being my test subject.” He coughed.

George’s face fell. *See, you idiot? He’s got a date. Probably with some cute girl. Some girl who’ll kiss him on the cheek, or cuddle with him, or-Shut up, George. It’s not like you had a snowflake’s chance in hell, anyway. At what?! What am I thinking?!*

Sapnap whistled. “A date, huh? Looks like Dream’s finally getting laid-“ “Shut up Sap, you weirdo.” “-who’s the lucky girl?”

Dream coughed, amused. “Right, girl. That’s not important. Uh, George? George?” Dream almost sounded concerned, and maybe a tad bit nervous. It was kinda cute. Though George was pretty sure that was just in his head. *He doesn’t care about you. Not in that way.*

“I think you broke George, Dream.” Sapnap answered smugly.

“Sapnap, shut up.” George straightened back up, a pang of hurt flashing through his eyes.

“Uh, George? You didn’t answer me?” Dream prompted.

George huffed internally. *That asshole. That stupid, hot asshole. Why does he keep saying stuff like this? What does he want me to believe?! He's just toying with me at this point. It's almost like he wants me to ruin everything.*

“Sorry! Whatever, go ahead.” George rolled his eyes, exaggerating the motion in case Dream was still watching his stream. “This is kinda creepy, you know, Dream.” George joked weakly, maybe with a little more force than the brunette had intended.

The younger wheezed. “Aw, George. You know you love me.” George could practically see the smirk on Dream’s face. Whatever that looked like. *Honestly, George, you're too pathetic. Falling for someone you haven't even seen. I don't even like him like that! Do I? What am I thinking?*

“Just get on with it.” Minecraft was practically forgotten at this point. So was the stream. George’s character had been standing in the same spot for the past ten minutes.

A creak sound came through George’s headphones, which he took to mean that Dream was leaning back in his chair.

“Alright, let’s see...” he drawled.

Sapnap snickered. “Dude, are you looking these up right now?”

“Pfft, no. I would never.” Dream’s amused tone said otherwise. “Okay, I got one.”

the pickup lines you see in this chapter were plucked from commenters! don’t sue me guys :0 big thanks to people who commented!

“Bring it on.” George rolled his eyes, hoping that he seemed a little more confident than he actually was. Which was shaking-in-his-boots nervous. George was currently scoring a zero on the confidence scale.

“George, how about you rate these out of ten?” Dream suggested, eliciting a chuckle from Sapnap. “I’m pretty sure George can’t even count to ten.” Sap joked. “Hey!”

George took a deep breath. *Out of ten. See, it's fine, George. It's like a game, George. Not like-*

"Earth to Geooorgieeeee..." Dream teased. "Here we go."

Yeah, Dream was definitely scoring a ten on the confidence scale. "Okay, first one." He cleared his throat like an announcer, eliciting giggles from Sapnap. "Ahem."

"Hey, George. You must be made of cheese, because you're looking Gouda tonight!" Dream blurted.

Dead silence.

And then Sapnap choked out a snicker.

"Oh my god-" Sapnap doubled over and held his stomach, laughing the hardest he'd ever had. *So this is what hysteria feels like.* Dream was wheezing too, choking out beat-up tea kettle noises that were enough to make George crack a smile.

"Oh my fu-Oh my god, Dream, what is- what even goes through your head?!" Sapnap shouted between bursts of uncontrollable laughter.

"I don't know, okay?" Dream wheezed, pretending to be defensive. "George do be looking like a piece of cheese, though."

"Wha-Hey!" George piped up indignantly, finally dissolving into giggles. "And here I was thinking that your pickup lines would actually be good. I give that one a solid three out of ten." He pushed negative thoughts to the back of his brain. *Just three buddies having fun. Nothing else.*

Dream gasped, pretending to be wounded. "You dare mock me? Okay, have another one then." He was silent for a moment. "Got one. Want a chocolate-covered raisin?"

George raised an eyebrow in confusion. "I mean, not right now. How would you even give me one?"

“So no?” Dream held back a chuckle at his friend’s quizzical expression.

“Yeah, I guess not.”

“Okay, how about a date?”

Sapnap started ooooh- ing, which didn’t really help George at all.

George’s expression of probing confusion slowly morphed into one of surprised fluster. The tips of his ears were blaring red. *Come on George, how pathetic can you really be? That was absolutely horrible.*

“What the hell , Dream-That wasn’t even creative! You can’t-that’s not-“ George sputtered. “You can’t just ask someone out and disguise it as a pickup line.” He finally composed himself.

“Aw, come on. That one’s at least a five. I actually got a reaction out of you! Your ears look like stoplights.” Dream snickered knowingly.

“You can’t seriously still be watching my stream.” George waited for a response. None came. George could feel himself blushing again. *Shit, stop, Dream is watching, he’ll think you’re disgusting, you’ll ruin everything-*

“ *Dream-* “

“I know, I know, I’m sorry, okay? Aww, but you’re so cute-“ Is it possible to hear a smirk? George was pretty sure of it.

George only blushed more. “Dream! Stop...”

“I feel so ignored right now.” Sapnap cut in with a jokingly annoyed tone, saving George from a premature death. *I can see the headlines now: Twenty-three year old man expired from too much blood rushing to his cheeks, leaving none in the rest of his body.*

“Oh, you poor baby.”

“Do you know how gross it is to hear you two lovebirds gush over each other?” Sapnap snapped back with a playful grin.

“I’m pretty sure Dream is the only one doing any gushing.” George huffed indignantly. “I give that one a two.”

Dream wheezed. “You’re just mad ‘cause you blushed. Here, take this one. Uh, C12.”

George furrows his eyebrows. “Awa-huh? What? How is that a pickup line?”

Dream changed to a confused tone. “Oh! I’m sorry, I thought this was a vending machine because you look like a snack.”

George snorted. *Oh, come on. That one wasn’t great.* “Dream, are you kidding? Solid one out of ten.” *Good, they’re not getting as much of a rise out of me anymore. That should make it easier.*

Sapnap whistled as well. “Get rejected, Dream.

Dream pouted. “Fine. George, I’m calling the police.”

George did a double take. “You’re *what* now?”

“Because the theft of my heart is not okay.”

George rolled his eyes, trying to play it off. Sapnap winced.

“Okay, then what’s my sentence?”

“I’ll let you off the hook for a kiss.” Dream answered, sounding all smug.

“Oh, that one was smooth.” Sarnap nodded appreciatively.

George’s heart hammered in his chest. *I set him up for that one! Really, why do I do this to myself?* The only noise that would come out of his mouth was an unintelligible squeak.

Dream’s wheezing distracted him from his thoughts. “You look like a deer in headlights, George!”

“Oh, f-shove off.” George shot back. “Fine, that one was good. Five out of ten, but only because I set you up.”

Dream chuckled. “Whatever, George.”

George rolled his eyes, before a tinkling sound shocked him. (I don’t remember George’s dono sound D:)

“Hang on, I got a dono.” He listened to the monotone voice read it out, robbing the words of any inflection.

“George you should try flirting back at Dream.” read the message.

That’s not a bad idea, actually. I’d like to get him back.

George cleared his throat nervously. “Hey, Dream?” *Think, think.*

“Yeah?”

“I just got a dono to start a conversation with the hottest person here, what should we do with the money?”

“Huh? I don’t know, who would even donate that?” Dream answered absentmindedly. “What do you mean the hottest person-“ George heard a sharp intake of breath and smiled smugly.

“Wow, George.” Sarnap slow clapped. “Didn’t think you had it in you.”

“Shut up, Snapmap.” “Hey!” George wore a shit-eating grin. *Take that, Dream.*

“Oh my god you’re such an idiot George.” Dream finally answered quietly, sounding a bit taken aback.

George stuck out his tongue. "I can do pickup lines too."

"You didn't even get a dono-! There's no way you just came up with that." Dream argued.

"Maybe I did, maybe I didn't." George still wore a shit-eating grin.

"George, that was actually smooth. But I'm clearly the hottest person here, I mean-" Sapnap broke into laughter at George's deadpan expression.

"Also, I think you may have broken Dream this time." Sapnap quipped. George raised an eyebrow.

"Hey! I-I'm fine, I'll have you know. You just took me by surprise a little." Dream cut in.

"George, how dare you try to outdo me." His voice took on a fake pompous undercurrent once again. George rolled his eyes.

"Okay, okay, I got one. Hey, George, your doctor just called." Dream adopted a casual tone.

"Oh, really? What did they say?" George asked sarcastically.

"That you were lacking in your vitamins and that you needed more vitamin *me*."

"...That's literally the dumbest thing I've ever heard come out of your mouth. Which is saying a lot." George quipped, bursting into giggles. *See? You're fine now. He's not going to get a reaction anymore. Idiot. Cute idiot.*

"Dream, what the hell? Seriously, what does 'vitamin me' even mean?" Sapnap chuckled, then making his voice sound higher in a poor imitation of his friend. "Oh I'm Dream, I'm a *supplement*."

"Both of you shut up, okay? That wasn't my best material." Dream pouted.

"Pfft, then what is?" George rolled his eyes. A simple action that he regretted almost immediately.

“Oh, you wanna hear it?” Dream purred in an amused tone.

The brunette paled slightly. *No, I'm not quite sure I do, Dream. Is it too late to go back to bed?*

“Um, sure.” George was pretty sure his mouth moved of his own accord and he hadn’t said that. Because why would he intentionally torture himself more? He hoped he looked more confident than he felt.

“As if Dream has good material. Bring it on.” Sapnap joked.

“Did it hurt?” Dream asked, ignoring Sapnap’s jab.

George rolled his eyes for what seemed like the umpteenth time. “Oh my God Dream, you actually suck. Let me guess, when I fell from heaven?” A wave of relief crashed over him. “That’s not even original.”

“No.” Dream was smirking again, George could tell. “Did it hurt when you fell for me?”

George flushed red. “What-Dream! It’s not like I-“

...Fuck.

“Did it hurt when you fell for me?”

“When you fell for me?”

I’m in love with Dream.

George froze in his chair. His relief was replaced by a terrifying feeling of realization. He glanced at his monitor, noticing that he’d died a long time ago.

<Console>: GeorgeNotFound was shot by Dream.

Asshole.

Ironically, that was a pretty accurate representation of how he was feeling right now. Like there was an arrow sticking out of his chest, and it hurt like hell.

“I...have to go. My mum just texted me.” George hurriedly made up an excuse. “Bye, guys!” He waved before stopping his stream. *Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck this can't be real-*

“Really? Aw, Georgie, are you-“ George left the call before Dream could finish.

He sat in his gaming chair, breaths coming in heaves.

“Did it hurt when you fell for me?”

“Did it hurt, George?”

“Did it hurt?”

Tears began to pool in the corners of his eyes. George could feel a stabbing pain in his chest.

This can't be fucking happening. *Face it, George, you're in love with your best friend, who also happens to be one hell of a hot, selfish, heterosexual asshole that toys with you in front of thousands of people. Man, I really am too easy.*

The brunette curls up on his bed, shoulders shaking with quiet little sobs.

“Did it hurt, Georgie-poo? Georgieeee...”

And he's crying because it does hurt, it hurts like an arrow, a hundred fucking arrows buried in his heart.

And on top of it he was streaming D:

Did I say a few sprinkles of angst? Did I?

Oops.

Oh well, guess we'll just truck through it.

Next chapter is this from Dream's POV! Sort of. We're following Dream around instead of George, if you get my drift. It's going to be the same sequence of events, but with Dream. It'll probably be quite a bit shorter (holy heck this chapter is like 3k words) because I don't want to just repeat basically everything that happened, but convey how Dream feels.

I had to reformat this I'm so mad

I hATE this chapter please excuse my shit writing thanks don't be too disappointed
uwu

Why is it sO HARD TO WRITE FLUFF

maybe it's cause George was streaming

I feel like my mind went "oh you want fluff? here write some angst and ooc"

I swear there will be huge amounts of fluff soon I swear I swear

We'll stomp through chapter 2 (Dream POV for this chapter, don't worry not all chapters will be like that) and then chapter 3, which should be really fluffy. I'm considering combining chapter 2 and chapter 3 if chapter 2's too short.

That moment when every other DNF fic on this site is better than yours

Go read @Ship_On_The_Sea or something smh you will only find bad grammar here

thanks for the kudos :D

Puff

Because you have the face of an angel.

Chapter Summary

dream's pov of the last chapter pog

Chapter Notes

welcome to Dream's perspective :D kind of :D
did someone say more angst? no? well we'll just have to see how it goes (oh fuck more angst)
in case you forgot, this is set in the same time as the last chapter
please forgive any dialogue inconsistencies, I didn't want to be super repetitive
I'll try not to write any more repeat chapters from different characters, but I thought it was really important to show Dream's perspective.
let's dive right in boys

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was sitting on the couch in his flat, scrolling through Twitter threads. He had planned on trying to test speedrun the new 1.16 update, but he kind of lost track of time.

The man glanced at the clock. It looked to be about one PM. *Which means it's like six for George.*

He shook his head lightly to clear his thoughts. Lately, Dream had been thinking about his friend quite a lot more than was probably the norm for people that lived in different countries. A light blush dusted his cheeks as he tried to think about something else, anything else.

Dream continued scrolling through his feed, liking posts from his friends and occasionally replying.

A notification popped up with a ding! sound. Dream tapped on it.

GeorgeNotFound tweeted:

Stream in ten minutes ;D with @TwSapnap!

Sapnap tweeted:

I'm streaming in a few minutes or smth idk with a homeless person @GeorgeNotFound

Dream couldn't help but chuckle at their wildly different ways of announcing streams.

He decided to hop on his computer and open up Twitch, standing up from the couch and walking into the other room.

George hadn't started streaming yet, so Dream quickly switched to an alt account so people wouldn't start tagging him in chat. *Clay, that's awfully stalkerish, don't you think?* a thought nagged at the back of his head.

Shut up, brain. I'm just...checking on George. Dream felt his cheeks heating up again. *Okay, it might be a bit stalkerish. Whatever. We're friends, after all. Just friends.* A noticeable feeling of longing crept into his chest.

Just friends, after all.

Dream didn't have any more time to dwell on his thoughts, because at that moment George started his stream.

"Hey, everyone!" George grinned brightly, eyes sparkling. Dream nearly smiled back before he caught himself. *God, he's attractive. And he's really pretty, for a guy.* Dream shook his head furiously, heat blazing its way across his cheekbones.

"Oh, I almost forgot. Say hi, Sapnap!" George smiled again, and that expression of joy wormed its way into Dream's heart, tugging at it.

"How could you forget about me? And here I was staying quiet so you could start your stream."

Sapnap pouted, injured.

Dream chuckled at his friend's hurt tone.

More banter followed, which Dream basically tuned out. He preferred to just stare at George.

The older's chocolate-brown eyes, soft, full lips, flushed cheeks, and tender lashes had drawn Dream in and wouldn't let him go.

He's so fucking adorable.

“What?! Sapnap, how the hell do you have armor?!” George shrieked, jolting Dream out of his stupor with a jump. *What am I doing?*

He blinked a couple of times, getting up and walking to the kitchen for a glass of water. Dream glanced at the clock again.

One forty-five PM. His eyes widened in shock. *Was it really that long?*

Did I just spend the last thirty minutes staring at my adorable, undoubtedly straight best friend? Why the fuck would I do that? Dream dropped his head into his hands, leaning against the counter.

I think I might like George.

What the fuck, Clay? What is wrong with you? Dream flushed, banging his head against the table. “You’ve got to be kidding.” he voiced his frustrations, kicking a nearby stool.

I’m going to ruin everything. He’s going to hate me, he’s going to hate me, he’s going to hate me-

Dream gulped down his glass of water, taking a deep breath. *It just had to be George.*

He made his way back to his computer with the air of a man sentenced to death, setting down his water glass.

George was still streaming. He seemed to be in the Nether.

“What the fu-GEORGE!” Sapnap screeched. George giggled, a cute tinkling sound. “Get wrecked, Sapnap! That was probably the best spawn I’ve ever had!” Dream could feel his cheeks getting red again. He tore his gaze away from the screen and to his phone, desperate to distract himself somehow. Dream turned the volume all the way down on his computer.

He got up and walked back to his couch, going back to scrolling through Twitter. No matter how many threads he went through, his mind kept drifting back to a certain cute brunette.

An ad popped up on his screen. Dream sighed and leaned back, waiting for it to pass, but something caught his eye.

Ten Handy Tips & Tricks to get your crush to like you! screamed white lettering on a black background. Dream raised an eyebrow at his phone. His screen stared right back.

With a sigh, Dream clicked on it. *Really, Clay? One of these sites?*

Now I’m going to get a bunch of Tinder ads.

It can’t hurt.

The ad opened a new window.

Ten super handy tips to get the person you've been talking to to ask you out!

by S. O. G.

Here are a few tried-and-true tricks to-

Dream sighed, scrolling down. *Blah, blah, blah. This was probably a bad idea in the first place.*

1.Body language.

Pretty hard when you live hundreds of miles away.

2.Gifts and sweet gestures.

Same problem. *Although I did give him 5k that one time.* Dream smiled at the memory.

3.Pickup lines.

Pickup lines? Dream furrowed his eyebrows. He clicked on the short description.

Pickup lines are a sure-fire way to let that special person in your life know that you've been dying to take them home. Dream snorted. These can be used on complete strangers or people you're already familiar with. Click [this link](#) for 100 of the most popular and effective pickup lines!

Dream's eyes widened. A stupid, crazy plan began to take shape in his head. *Clay, you're a fucking idiot. An absolute fucking idiot, what are you thinking?*

Would this plan help communicate his true feelings to George? Probably not.

Was it juuust a bit manipulative? Maybe.

Was it a good plan? Absolutely not.

Would it temporarily make Dream feel better? Maybe.

Would it make George smile? *Hopefully.*

And that's all that matters.

Dream tapped on the link, walking back to his computer once again.

George's stream was still open, and Dream turned the volume back up.

"Alright, fine. Wanna pop on the survival world?" George was joining the world that they all shared. *Perfect.*

"Yeah, sure." Sapnap answered. Dream muted the stream to join as well.

Dream joined the game.

Now they know I'm here. Dream quickly found the right Teamspeak channel, electing to keep the stream muted so he could still see George, but hear him on a call.

He cleared his throat nervously. *God, this sucks.*

Buddy has joined your channel.

"Hey, George. Hey, Sapnap." Dream grinned even though they couldn't see him, slightly giddy.
"Mind if I chill with you?"

On the stream, George's eyes widened in a look of cute surprise. The tips of his ears were red for some reason. "Hi, Dream. Yeah, sure." George waved at his webcam, smiling lightly.

Dream was pretty sure his entire body was a shade of red. *Why did he have to be so cute?! I don't think my brain can take it.*

"Aw, did you just wave at me? That's so sweet." Dream couldn't help letting a chuckle slip out.

"Wait a minute, are you watching my stream?!" George exclaimed, his expression becoming one of embarrassed surprise.

Dream paled. *Shit.* "Uh, maybe."

"How long have you been watching my stream?" George asked.

Oh, fuck. Don't tell him, he'll be freaked out, he'll hate you- "Eh, like a few minutes. Right after I joined the call."

Dream saw George's shoulders relax in apparent relief. The younger sighed, grabbing the glass of water he had left next to his computer and taking a sip. *Is it too late to just wimp out now?* He shook his head violently. *Come on, Clay. You can do this.*

"Guys, would you quit third-wheeling me? I feel really left out." Sapnap whined, punching George and then Dream.

"Ow, stoppit. Go do something productive then, Pandas." George sprinted after Sapnap, punching him towards the forest. "Go get wood, we need that."

Dream snickered at their antics, taking a large gulp of his water.

Sapnap started trudging towards the forest. "What, while you and Dream make out or something? Unfair. I always get the short end of the stick." he huffed.

Dream choked on his water, causing him to spit most of it out. *Pfft, if only.*

Stop it Clay, that's creepy, shut up.

“ Sapnap! ” George yelled, sounding flustered. A glance at his stream showed George covering his face with his hands.

Dream started coughing loudly. “Dude, you made me swallow my water wrong.”

Sapnap chuckled at their expense. “Worth it.” He started to chop wood.

George walked off to kill cows.

Dream started breaking grass with shears, collecting the seeds that dropped. He took a deep breath. *Alright Clay, it's now or never.*

“Hey, George?” *You can do it you can do it you can do it you can do it-*

George stopped killing cows. “Yeah, Dream?”

“I-um,” Dream cleared his throat and blurted, “Do you mind if I test out pickup lines on you?” *Fuck, this was a terrible idea.* He looked to the livestream for George’s reaction.

The British boy’s face was back in his hands, but he hadn’t hid his ears, which were red as tomatoes.

Sapnap was laughing his ass off. “Oh my god , Dream!” he wheezed. “That is the most random thing you’ve ever said. Little bit suggestive, too.” He wiggled his eyebrows.

Dream laughed nervously. “How is that-Shut up, okay? I, uh, I’ve got a date tomorrow, and I was wondering if George would consent to being my test subject.” He coughed, wincing immediately after the words were out of his mouth. *That is a complete lie. Seriously, Clay, that's all you could come up with? Test subject, really?*

He's so much more than that.

Sapnap whistled. "A date, huh? Looks like Dream's finally getting laid-" "Shut up Sap, you weirdo." Dream rolled his eyes. "-who's the lucky girl?"

Dream coughed loudly. *Lie, lie, lie.* "Right, girl. That's not important. Uh, George? George?" *Please, please, please, please-* Dream's voice took on a concerned tone.

"I think you broke George, Dream." Sapnap quipped smugly.

"Sapnap, *shut up.*" The British boy straightened back up, and Dream just barely caught an unreadable flash of something in his eyes. Huh.

"Uh, George? You didn't answer me?" Dream prompted, hoping he didn't seem as nervous as he was.

George huffed, puffing out his cheeks. It was quite adorable. He appeared to be thinking about it.

"Sorry! Whatever, go ahead." George rolled his eyes, exaggerating and blowing out his cheeks. "This is kinda creepy, you know, Dream." George wore an amused expression when he said it, but it didn't seem quite like a joke.

"Aw, George. You know you love me." Dream snickered, smirking. *But you won't ever say it back.* His grin faltered slightly.

"Just get on with it." Dream didn't have to look at the stream to know George was rolling his eyes. The brunette didn't seem to be touching his keyboard anymore either, because his character was just standing in the middle of a plains biome holding an axe.

“Alright, let’s see...” Dream leaned back in his chair and pulled up the list on his phone. *Shit, I probably should’ve thought this through.*

“Dude, are you looking these up right now?” Sapnap snickered.

“Pfft, no. I would never.” Dream scrolled through the list frantically, lying through his teeth.
“Okay, I got one.” *Oh my god this is terrible.*

“Bring it on.” George rolled his eyes again, shifting in his chair.

“Hey, how about you rate these out of ten?” Dream asked, eliciting a giggle from Sapnap.
Hopefully that will make him more comfortable.

“I’m pretty sure George can’t even count to ten.” Sapnap quipped, earning an insulted “Hey!” from said brunette.

“Earth to Geooorgieeeee...” Dream quipped, hoping he was keeping up some semblance of confidence. *Well this is fucking terrifying. Can I still back out?* “Here we go.”

“Okay, first one.” Dream did his best impression of an announcer clearing their throat, hoping to lighten the mood. It kind of worked, getting a few giggles from Sapnap, but not a peep from George.

Dream took a deep breath. *Better to spit it out now. This is really stupid, isn’t it.* “Hey, George. You must be made of cheese, because you’re looking Gouda tonight!”

Wow, that is some really loud silence.

Sapnap choked out a strangled laugh.

“Oh my god-“ The youngest man legit sounded like he was about to die. Sapnap could barely squeeze out words between bouts of loud laughter.

The laughter was infectious, so what could Dream do but start laughing along with Sapnap? *That was so fucking stupid.* The tension between the three noticeably lessened. Dream even saw George crack a smile.

“Oh my fu-Oh my god , Dream, what is- what even goes through your head?!”

“I don’t know, Sapnap, okay?” Dream replied through wheezes, adopting a dramatic injured tone. “George do be looking like a piece of cheese, though.”

“Wha-Hey!” George finally succumbed to giggles, doubling over on Dream’s screen. “And here I was thinking that your pickup lines would actually be good. I give that one a solid three out of ten.”

Dream pouted, adopting a wounded tone. “You dare mock me? Okay, have another one then.” He scrolled through the list again. *Oh, this one’s good. But it might fly over his head.* “Got one. Want a chocolate-covered raisin?”

George raised an eyebrow quizzically. “I mean, not right now. How would you even give me one?”

“So no?” Dream choked back a snicker.

“Yeah, I guess not.”

“Okay, then how about a date?”

“Oooooooooooooo-“ Sapnap started whistling, which didn’t help Dream contain his laughter. On George’s stream, the Brit still wore a very confused expression.

Dream snickered behind his hand, waiting for it to click.

On the screen, George’s face showed a split second of realization before his ears turned stoplight red, followed by the rest of his face.

“What the hell , Dream-That wasn’t even creative! You can’t-that’s not-“ George sputtered,

struggling to compose himself. Dream smirked, feeling a warm sensation well up in his chest. “You can’t just ask someone out and disguise it as a pickup line.” The brunette finally composed himself with a huff.

“Aw, come on. That one’s at least a five. I actually got a reaction out of you! Your ears look like stoplights.” Dream smirked again. *Wait, fuck-*

“You can’t seriously still be watching my stream.” George cocked an eyebrow.

Dream swallowed nervously. *No comment.*

“*Dream-*” George sputtered.

“I know, I know, I’m sorry, okay?” Dream apologized, but he couldn’t resist sneaking in a little tease. “Aww, but you’re so cute-“

George’s entire face was blaring crimson. “Dream! Stop...”

“I feel so ignored right now.” Sapnap cut in, jolting them both.

“Oh, you poor baby.” Dream retorted, rolling his eyes playfully.

“Do you know how gross it is to hear you two lovebirds gush over each other?” Sapnap argued, folding his arms over his chest.

“I’m pretty sure Dream is the only one doing any gushing.” George shot back. “I give that line a two.”

Dream winced. *Ouch. No chance in hell. Not in the slightest. Because there’s no way he likes me back.* He tried to push that to the back of his brain, wheezing softly at George. “You’re just mad ‘cause you blushed.” He scrolled through the list again. “Here, take this one. Uh, C12.”

George raised an eyebrow. “Awa-huh? What? How is that a pickup line?”

Dream feigned confusion. “Oh! I’m sorry, I thought this was a vending machine because you look like a snack.”

George scoffed. “Dream, are you kidding? Solid one out of ten.”

Sapnap wolf whistled. “Get rejected, Dream.”

Dream pouted, finding another line. “Fine. George, I’m calling the police.”

George blanched. “You’re *what* now?”

“Because the theft of my heart is not okay.” Dream sat back in his chair, smiling smugly.

The Brit rolled his eyes nonchalantly. “Okay, then what’s my sentence?”

Fuck. Uhh... “I’ll let you off the hook for a kiss.” Dream’s mouth seemingly moved of its own accord, because there’s no way the Floridian had actually just come up with something like that. *That one was good.* He smiled smugly, congratulating himself, then looked to the stream at George’s reaction.

George was blushing again, fire-engine red from the tips of his ears to his cheeks. He let out a cute little squeak, and Dream’s heart practically melted.

“Oh, that one was smooth.” Sapnap nodded appreciatively, boosting Dream’s ego. *It’s not every day you get a compliment from Sapnap.*

“You look like a deer in headlights, George!” Dream wheezed, taking in the brunette’s expression.

“Oh, f-shove off.” George retorted. “Fine, that one was good. Five out of ten, but only because I set you up.”

Dream snickered quietly. “Whatever you say, George.”

George rolled his eyes for the millionth time. “Wait, hang on. I got a dono.”

Dream glanced at the stream, seeing the familiar George face donation drawing pop up. Not bothering to read the message from the donation, he switched windows to the survival world and started taking potshots with a bow at George’s character, managing to kill him.

<Console>: GeorgeNotFound was shot by Dream.

Bullseye. “Hey, Dream?” George cleared his throat, getting the Floridian’s attention. “Yeah?” Dream clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth absentmindedly, sprinting around the plains biome they were in.

“I just got a dono to start a conversation with the hottest person here, what should we do with the money?” George asked.

“Huh? I don’t know, who would even donate that?” Dream replied, still not quite catching on. What did he say again? “What do you mean the hottest person-“ Dream drew in a breath sharply.

Did he just-

He-

George just flirted back.

And Dream would be lying if it wasn’t the hottest thing he’d ever experienced. The poor guy had fallen *hard*. Dream could feel his face burning, a steady blush making its way up his neck and a woozy smile spreading across his face.

George...flirted back?

“Wow, George.” Three claps echoed through the microphone, slowly bringing Dream back to reality. “Didn’t think you had it in you.” “Shut up, Snapmap.” “Hey!”

Dream clicked on George’s stream dazedly. The Brit was smiling smugly, a huge shit-eating grin stretched from ear to ear.

“Oh my god you’re such an idiot George.” Dream whispered quietly, mostly to himself, scrolling up through the donations.

George stuck out his tongue cutely. “I can do pickup lines too.”

Dream read the latest donation. *George you should try flirting back at Dream.*

His face fell. *So it was just an attempt to get me back.* He shoved those thoughts away. “You didn’t even get a dono-! There’s no way you just came up with that.”

“George, that was actually smooth. But I’m clearly the hottest person here, I mean-“ Sapnap couldn’t control his laughter at George’s deadpan expression.

“Also, I think you may have broken Dream this time.” George smirked, raising an eyebrow with an *Oh, really?* expression.

“Hey! I-I’m fine, I’ll have you know. You just took me by surprise a little.” Dream retorted indignantly, unable to stifle a little stutter. “George, how dare you try to outdo me.” he joked, trying to act confident and mostly failing. Clay scrolled through his list of lines once again.

“Okay, okay, I got one. Hey, George, your doctor just called.”

“Oh, really? What did they say?” the brunette replied sarcastically.

“That you were lacking in your vitamins and you needed more vitamin *me*.” Dream cringed. *Okay, that one sounds a lot worse out loud.*

“...That’s literally the dumbest thing I’ve ever heard come out of your mouth. Which is saying a lot.” George snorted, bursting into giggles.

“Dream, what the hell? Seriously, what does ‘vitamin me’ even mean?” Sapnap chuckled, making his voice an octave higher to mock his friend. “Oh I’m Dream, I’m a *supplement*. ”

“Both of you shut up, okay? That wasn’t my best material.” Dream pouted, scrolling through the list again. *Oh, I like this one.*

“Pfft, then what is?” George rolled his eyes.

“Oh, you wanna hear it?” Dream leaned closer to the microphone, smiling dangerously. Clay watched George pale slightly, losing confidence. *Pfft.*

“Um, sure.” The brunette shifted in his seat, looking like he was regretting all of his recent life decisions. *Cutie.*

“As if Dream has good material. Bring it on.” Sapnap snickered.

“Did it hurt?” Dream asked, ignoring Sapnap. His focus was on George.

“Oh my God Dream, you actually suck. Let me guess, when I fell from heaven?” George snorted, shoulders slumping with relief. “That’s not original at all.”

Dream lost his confidence for a moment. *Fuck.* Suddenly, an idea struck his mind, causing the Floridian to grin widely, stretching his mouth into a smirk. “Nope. Did it hurt when you fell for me?”

George flushed red again. “What-Dream! It’s not like I-“ Suddenly, George froze in his chair. Dream tilted his head quizzically. Huh? That weird flash of *something* went through the brunette’s eyes again, only furthering Dream’s confusion.

“I...have to go. My mum just texted me.” Dream frowned. *Is he okay?* “Aw, Georgie, are you-“ George cut off his stream, leaving the call and the game.

Sapnap spoke, sounding confused. “Uh, okay. Guess I’ll end my stream too. Bye, guys.” Sapnap left the call as well, leaving Dream to disconnect, which he did, furrowing his eyebrows in thought.

What was that? Dream thought back to what he’d said, what that flash might’ve been.

Hurt.

George looked...hurt.

Am I hurting him? Dream felt his chest constrict. *Is he disgusted with me? This isn’t what I wanted! This wasn’t supposed to happen.*

Dream swallowed. *I can’t let him be hurt because of me. Even if that means...* His thoughts trailed off. Dream’s chest began to throb

I’d do anything for him. That realization put a lump in his throat. *I can’t ruin our friendship. Even if that means locking my feelings away.* His eyes prickled.

Anything for George.

For George.

Chapter End Notes

Clay you fucking idiot no

hhHhHhHhHHHHhHh

I'm sorry about this ridiculously late update, I promise they won't be this late in the future D: I couldn't edit this as much as the last one bc I already procrastinated enough agh pls forgive me making you wait only to torture you more

I CAN'T STOP THE ANGST

IT BLEEDS FROM MY EYES

next chapter is wholesome af dw

they gon play mincraft

btw why is 1.16 Nether so fucked I keep dying instantly those piglins do like half your health in one hit and I didn't even touch one

why is this story getting so much attention asfdjskos

ily all! <3

Puff

piglins scare the shit out of me

Chapter Summary

mincregt

Chapter Notes

welcome to chapter threeeeeeeeeeeeeee

PICKUP LINES SUPPLIED BY COMMENTERS AND GOOGLE

IM SO SORRY FOR THE LATE UPDATE I SAID NO MORE OF THESE HHHHH

I've decided not to just repeat chapters with different perspectives, because it can get annoying as hell and does nothing for my motivation, so I'll probably just focus on one per chapter or switch between multiple perspectives.

I feel like I've tortured you guys enough with the angst-there might be a BIT here but it's mostly fluff

this is fluff, right?

right

3 things: 1, crying for a really long time/ crying yourself to sleep will make your eyes red and puffy as hell for a while. trust me.

cries in the distance

2, I put a really bad daddy joke in here and I hate myself for it but I had to do it

3, I started to write this before Dream uploaded his most recent video and I have no clue why they're so similar weird-ass coincidence

I have got to be the most crackheaded person on this godforsaken website reee also, timezones are hard as hell to figure out istg like I live in the same timezone as Dream and George is like five hours ahead

this is the second chapter in a row I've started by having someone look at a clock I hate my stupid perfectionism making me notice things like that

also, there are some abrupt af perspective changes pls disregard those

any formatting issues are because I have to paste these and reformat them on ao3

asfdagjsjjik I'll stop ranting now lmao

comments help me transform into an anthromorphic version of Kirby and ascend to the seventh plane of reality while humming gourmet race

fight the power sunflower, let's get right into it

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George

George rolled over on his mattress, groggily blinking himself awake. Sunlight streamed through his windows, alerting the yawning boy that he may have slept late.

He ran a hand through his hair carelessly, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. *It can't be that late,*

right? George sat up slowly, yawning again and peeking at the alarm clock on his nightstand. *Ten forty-five P.M.* The British boy sighed, swinging his legs over the bed frame and standing woozily.

The brunette made his way to the bathroom, splashing his face with water and peering at his eyes, which were slightly swollen and puffy. *Huh?* He squinted into the mirror, plucking at the skin near his eyelids. In a moment it all came rushing back. His heart plummeted.

Dream.

George felt heat rushing back into his face, resting his head on his forearms and leaning against the sink. *Fuck.* He scrunched his face up, feeling traitorous tears start to prickle at his eyelashes once again and willing them away furiously. The brunette peered into the mirror, locking eyes with his reflection.

“So I like Dream, huh?” he muttered aloud, splashing more water on his face. *It’s the only plausible answer. Flus don’t make you blush around your best friend.* The realization hit him all over again, sending another wave of heat through his body.

George felt that warm feeling prickle at his chest again, except this time he made no effort to push it down. It actually felt kind of nice when he let it stay. Like he was being tickled gently with friendly hands instead of being ripped apart from the inside out.

The British boy walked back into his bedroom, opening his dresser drawers. He settled on a gray sweatshirt and blue sweatpants. *No one’s going to be seeing me today, right?* he reasoned, opting not to brush his hair, which stuck up in untidy tufts. He walked back into the bathroom for one last look in the mirror, mainly out of curiosity.

After he was satisfied, George moved to his setup on the front wall of his bedroom, sitting down in front of his computer. His gaze involuntarily caught a pair of too-large white clout goggles sitting on his dresser. George rolled his eyes. *Oh, those stupid things.* He’d bought them as a joke, after losing a bet. *Ding!* George blinked, looking back at the desk. He picked his phone up off the desk where he had left it last night, checking for any new notifications.

Three messages from Dream, latest sent just now. George felt another soft buzzy feeling nestle into his chest and stay there, sending ticklish butterflies through his stomach.

The British boy opened up Discord on his PC, squinting at his messages.

DreamWasTaken 10:34

hey George <3

George swallowed nervously at the sight of the little heart. *It doesn't mean anything, Dream is just Like That.*

DreamWasTaken 10:35

u up? it's like 1030 where u are

DreamWasTaken a minute ago

georgie i miss u </3 :(

Barely suppressing a giddy smile, George typed back.

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

calm down dummy

i overslept

how'd u even know what time it was here anyway

sounds kinda sketch

DreamWasTaken is typing...

DreamWasTaken sent just now

shut up D:

i take that back i don't miss u anymore

GeorgeNotFound is typing...

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

u didn't answer my question dummy

r u simping

DreamWasTaken sent just now

i'm always a simp for u George <3

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

im telling sarnap you're a simp

you creep

DreamWasTaken sent just now

no pls ;-; he'll bully me

pls george no

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

I screenshotted it

prime blackmail

simp

DreamWasTaken sent just now

bully ;(

it's fine ily anyway <3

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

oh my god shut up

u idiot

DreamWasTaken sent just now

but im ur idiot ;)

wanna get in a call

But I'm your idiot. His heart swelled, despite George's attempts to push his feelings down. *It means nothing, George. Dream is just Like That.* George sat back from his computer, considering. He suddenly realized he had a huge grin on his face, which the brunette quickly eradicated. *He's my best friend, I can't just avoid him.*

The British boy sighed and clicked the call button, waiting.

Dream joined nearly a second after George called.

"Georgie!" Dream exclaimed, the cheerfulness in his voice evident, echoing out into the room. George quickly put his headphones on, responding with half the vigor. "Hi, Dream. Why do you keep calling me Georgie?" he asked, biting a fingernail lightly and struggling to keep himself from smiling.

"Why not? It's cute." Dream teased, reviving the butterflies in George's stomach.

"Oh my god, Dream, stop. No it's not. My parents call me Georgie. Who are you, my mom?" George scoffed, a small flush spreading across his cheeks.

"No, your daddy." Dream replied in a completely serious tone, straight-faced.

George turned an absolute shade of crimson from his ears to his chin. "Dream, what the actual fuck?" Hysterical laughter emanated from the Brit's headphones. "I wish I could see your face right now! Oh my god, George-" the Floridian wheezed, still laughing his ass off.

George scowled, noting the heat in his cheeks and fanning himself absentminded. "Well, you can't. That was so unfunny, Dream. Daddy jokes? What are you, eight? Uh, are we recording today?" He hastily changed the subject, shifting in his seat.

"Nope. I thought we could just chill and play Minecraft. Maybe start a new survival world in 1.16, try to live in just the Nether? Like spawn in blocks to build a portal straight from spawn, then try to survive in the Nether like it's the Overworld. We can do that with the update." Dream continued.

"Of course, because you're just way too good at regular Minecraft to play in the Overworld."

Besides, I thought you hated 1.16.” George mused.

“I do. It makes speedrunning really fucking hard-like, who at Mojang decided to make Nether Fortresses even rarer?” The Floridian paused to breathe. “It makes you actually have to craft gold armor, which is completely useless otherwise. No one even does anything with gold except to make gapples, which you don’t normally get during a speedrun because they require nine bars of gold, and you can’t exactly waste time getting that much gold during a speedrun where you can just make an actual shield. And the mobs in there are like ten times scarier. Have you seen those creepy-ass boar things? But for a regular world, it’s kind of cool.”

“Poor Dream, whining about the Nether update because he can’t get a new world record without a fortress ten blocks from spawn.” George teased, leaning back in his chair and giggling softly.

“Oh, shut up. I do not. It’s called pure skill.” Dream shot back jokingly, going silent for a moment. “Dare you to turn your facecam on.”

George raised an eyebrow curiously. “Yeah? Why?” *Well that’s random.* “You’re being awfully sketch today, Dream.” He smiled tentatively. “I’m not going to.”

“Aw, Georgie, why? Please?” Dream pouted. Again with that stupid nickname. The Brit couldn’t help but crack a smile at his friend’s tone. “Because no. You absolute simp. Why do you want me to, anyway?”

“How about you 1v1 me in bedwars? And if I win you have to turn your facecam on.” Dream coaxed, completely ignoring George’s question.

“Dream, I look like shit. Why is this such a big deal to you?” George ran another hand through his hair self-consciously. “What do I get if I win, then? If I accept. Which I haven’t. Yet.”

Dream considered, going silent for a minute. “I’ll send you a picture of me.” he finally answered.

George would be lying if he said his heart didn’t start to pound a bit. Maybe a little more than a bit. “Oh, really? How do I know that you will?” he scoffed, trying to quell his nerves.

Dream chuckled. “Pinky promise, Georgie. We doing this or what?”

George swallowed. *It's weird of Dream to just offer to face reveal himself like that. He must either really want me to turn my facecam on, or he's just really sure that he'll win. Come to think of it, why is that? He's seen me before.* "Fine. I trust you to stand by that. But first you have to answer a few questions."

Dream

"Huh?" Dream made a surprised noise, sounding nervous. "Like what? You sound kinda scary, George." He chuckled halfheartedly. *Fuckohfuckheknows-*

"First, why do you keep calling me Georgie?" George huffed, probably blowing out his cheeks, too.

Dream exhaled. Oh, thank god. "Uh, it's cute." He pressed his lips together. *Fuck, I could've said literally anything else. Anything. Else.*

"Yeah, you just repeated yourself." George went silent, which did nothing for the American's nerves.

"Do you want me to stop calling you that?" Dream asked, heart dropping. *It's just a nickname, doesn't mean anything. But-*

"Well-I mean, I didn't say that..." George was blushing, and they both knew it. Dream could've sworn that his heart actually swelled. *He doesn't mind me calling him cute?*

Shut up, brain. George is just Weird.

Dream's lips curved into a smile. "Oh? Whatever you say, Georgie." He was met with an annoyed scoff on the other end.

"Oh, fuck off. You wouldn't like it if I called you Dreamie, now would you." George frowned.

"Oh, but I am dreamy, Georgie." Dream snickered.

“*Motherfucker* -I actually hate you.”

“Can we play bedwars now? I seem to recall you accepting my offer.” the Floridian prodded impatiently, grinning.

“Okay, okay, one more question. Why do you want me to turn my facecam on?”

Dream paled. *Oh, shit.* “Because.” *Very eloquent, Clay. Not suspicious at all. You may as well just mail your heart to him.*

“Mhm.” George noted skeptically. “Why? You’re being very sketch, Dream. Very sketch indeed.”

“You sound like a supervillain.” Dream actually chuckled out of nervousness.

“Oh, yes, I’m a regular nightmare .” the Brit joked. “Answer the question.”

Uh. Think. “You’re cute.” Two words just popped out of his mouth, and he instantly regretted them. “I mean-“

“Might want to keep your socks on there, Dream.” George quipped, giggling. “I know that’s not the real reason.”

The American’s face fell, hurt flashing across his expression. *But it is. Want me to elaborate? Fine. I’m madly in love with you, and I think you’re the cutest person on the planet, and I just want to stare at you all the time, but you’re my best friend and I can’t because you’re straight and-*

“I just bet you look really stupid in the morning.” Dream answered dumbly.

“Wow, thanks, Dream.” George went silent again. Dream’s nerves were really starting to fray now. “Let’s just play, since you refuse to give me a straight answer.”

ok quick author’s note I have a shit sense of humor but “you refuse to give me a STRAIGHT

answer” im rolling rn what is my life

The American sighed with relief, finally let off the hook. “Get ready to lose, George.”

“Oh, yeah? Bet.” the British boy shot back.

The next few minutes were full of playful banter as they both logged on to Hypixel.

“Do /p private, George.” Dream suggested unhelpfully.

“I’m not stupid , Dream.” George pouted, entering the lobby.

A few minutes later, they were teleported into the bedwars game. *I’m green, and he’s aqua.* Dream almost chuckled aloud. *Very coincidental.* He quickly purchased wool and sprinted outside, seeing George right next to him. *Easy rush.*

“Don’t you dare rush me, Dream.” the brunette warned nearly reading his friend’s thoughts. His character crouched in the generator.

“Aw, you know me so well! What, and wait for you to get a good bed defense? No thanks, George.” Dream started to speedbridge over to his friend, armed with TNT just in case.

“Fuck, Dream, I swear-Why are our bases right next to each other?!” George shrieked, sprinting to his bed. He frantically ran back inside and purchased End Stone and a stone sword, hurriedly placing blocks around his bed.

Dream finished speedbridging, jumping the last few blocks to land on top of his friend’s base.

“Dream, where even are you?!” George ran outside again, scanning the area. “I see your bridge. What-“ He sprinted towards the green wool bridge, leaving his bed behind.

Dream dropped down, placing his TNT. Not even a few seconds later, the *BED DESTROYED* message sent in chat and flashed across George’s screen.

“Are you kidding me?” George shrieked again, running back to hide above his base. “We’ve been playing for like three minutes, Dream, come on-“ The American started laughing hysterically, taking George’s iron from the generator and buying a stone sword.

“Geooooorge-where are you?” Dream intoned softly, sending little tingles up George’s spine. “Dream, come on!” the Brit whined. “Have some sympathy-AGH-!” Dream snuck up behind George, hitting him five times with a stone sword before the latter exploded into red particles.

“This is bullshit.” George sulked, sliding down in his chair. “Absolute bullshit. I can’t believe you won.”

Dream chuckled. “A deal is a deal, Georgie.” He disconnected, going back to Discord.

George sighed unhappily. “Do I have to? Aw, come on. I woke up like half an hour ago, Dream, I look like crap and-“

“That’s the point. Time to pay up.”

George huffed again, and Dream heard a series of clicks through his headphones, which meant George must have unplugged his.

Suddenly, a large window appeared in the call where George’s profile picture just was. It showed George’s keyboard.

“Okay, it’s on.” the Brit finally answered glumly.

Dream cocked an eyebrow. “Tilt up your webcam, George. I’m staring at your keyboard.”

“Do I have to?”

“Yes.”

The window on Dream's screen closed again, and a creak came through his headphones as George stood up to adjust his camera.

"Okay, there." George sat back down, plugging his headphones back in. He hesitated for a moment, then clicked his camera on, settling in his chair and waving tentatively.

Dream was staring, and he was hyper-aware that he was staring, but he just couldn't seem to stop. In his defense, Dream couldn't really help it. *Why, oh why did George of all people have to be so absolutely fucking cute? It was really annoying. Completely, incredibly, really fucking annoying.*

Annoying was the word.

George cocked an eyebrow at his webcam after a good few seconds of silence. "Earth to Dream? You okay?" The British boy waved a hand in front of his camera, starting to look a bit worried. "DreamWasTaken? Uh, Dreamie? You good there?" Dream didn't respond. How could he? There was only one coherent thought running through his brain, and it wasn't exactly useful.

It was probably the ruffles in George's hair that did Dream in. Or maybe it was the too-big hoodie, his half-lidded sleepy eyes, or the cute confused expression on George's face, lips just slightly parted in curious amusement. Whatever it was, it was making Dream's heart flutter in his chest. The American swallowed nervously, cheeks reddening.

George looks really fucking good in the morning.

George

"Dream?" the brunette tried again. *Is he okay? His mic probably shut off or something. Maybe he deafened by accident.*

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

dream ur mic is muted

you ok? seriously (edited)

Dream this isn't funny

“DREAM!” George shrieked, starting to get seriously frustrated. *Did he zone out or something?*

“Ah! Oh. Um, sorry.” Dream finally responded, sounding surprised.

“What were you even doing?” George crossed his arms over his chest, glaring at his webcam. “I was worried for like, one second. That wasn't funny.”

“Nothing. I mean, I was fixing my mic.” Dream answered a little too quickly. “Sorry, I, uh, started zoning out a bit.”

“Mhm, sure. Next time, actually tell me first, so I don't think that you're having a heart attack or something.” George rolled his eyes.

“Aw, were you worried about me?” the American teased, changing the subject.

George flushed. “No-!” *Yes.* “Fuck off, Dream.”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever you say. I can see you blush, you know. It's giving you away.” The Floridian snickered, then suddenly went silent again.

“George, are your eyes puffy?”

Oh, fuck. “They're not.” George replied casually, pupils darting from side to side. *What do I do, how do I explain-*

“You sure? They look kind of puffy to me.” Dream replied, sounding a bit concerned. “George, are you sick, or-“

“They're not. Must be something with the webcam. I dunno, it's been acting up lately.” George

looked around, grabbing his pair of clout goggles off the dresser and putting them on, obscuring half his face. “Ha, now you can’t see me blush.” he quipped, hoping to change the subject.

“Why-Wh-“ Dream started to laugh, hopefully forgetting about George’s eyes. “Why the fuck do you have clout goggles?! Did you actually buy a pair? Oh my god, you look so dumb. Those are way too big for you.”

“They match my skin!” George pouted, sending Dream into another round of hysterics. “Sapnap made me get them after I lost a bet. Stop, it’s not *funny* -“

Dream finally calmed down after a few minutes, to George’s relief. “Wanna make a nether survival world now?” Dream asked after a few moments of silence.

“Okay, fine, but I don’t see why we can’t just go on the world we have with Ponk, Sapnap, Callahan, Alyssa, and Bad.” The British boy rolled his eyes, logging back into Minecraft and creating a new world, titling it *Dream is weird*.

“Yeah, but I want to have one with you!” the American whined. “Please?”

What’s that supposed to mean? George flushed delicately, pulling the glasses farther down his face so they fully obscured his cheeks. “Whatever. I’m sending you the IGN. Should I enable cheats? Since we’re apparently going straight to the Nether with nothing, we’re going to need to spawn in blocks for a portal.” George pointed out.

“Yeah, enable cheats. Make sure not to get anything from the Overworld, but start building a portal. Spawn in some obsidian. Okay, I got the IGN.” Dream joined the game, spawning in a flower biome. The message flashed across George’s screen. “Hey, you can’t name the world that!” the Floridian shouted indignantly, running over to punch George.

“What? It’s just ‘Dream is weird.’ Which is true.” George snickered, punching Dream back and spawning in twelve blocks of obsidian and a flint and steel.

Dream scoffed. “Name it ‘Illumina sucks’ or something. Or ‘Sapnap is weird.’” He chuckled. “Sapnap is weird as hell.”

George laughed quietly. “You’re not wrong. Fine, fine. Geez. The portal’s done, by the way.” he

added.

“Alright, light a fire with the flint and toss your leftover stuff into it.” Dream directed. “I’m going in.” He went through the portal, the *We Need To Go Deeper* message flashing in chat. George followed shortly.

“Perfect. One of those biomes that has trees in it.” Dream whistled appreciatively. “Shit for speedruns, but good for us, because we need wood.” The American started chopping wood with his fists, only to be jolted by an earsplitting shriek.

“*Dream!* Fuck, oh fuck, one of those pig things is after me and it’s got a fucking *crossbow* help me-“ George screamed again, sprinting towards Dream’s character.

“You-you mean a Piglin?” Dream wheezed out, holding his stomach and laughing hysterically.

“Fuck, fuck , Dream- I’m serious, those things are terrifying- why aren’t you moving?! Are you AFK? Help! ” George yelled, punching Dream while sprinting away. “ THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM-! WHAT THE *FUCK?!*”

<Console>: GeorgeNotFound was slain by Piglin.

That was all it took to send Dream into another bout of gut-busting laughter.

George pouted. “I hate 1.16. This is absolutely *fucked*.” He slumped down in his gaming chair, headphones slipping past his ears.

After Dream finally calmed down, he clicked off Minecraft. “Hey, George?”

“Yeah?” George replied, busy trying to cut wood. *Why isn’t his character moving?* “Dream?”

“Are you my appendix? Because this feeling in my stomach makes me want to take you out.”

What?

Was that a fucking pickup line?

Huh? That's the first time he's flirted with me off stream. George blushed a deep fire-engine red, stuffing his face in his hoodie in an attempt to hide. “Dream!” he yelled indignantly, muffled by the soft material. “That’s so stupid , what the fuck.”

The American wheezed lightly. “Took you by surprise there, huh?”

“Why are you still testing pickup lines on me? Bullshit, Dream. Oh, yeah, don’t you have a date today?” George asked quietly, feeling his heart drop.

“Huh? Oh, yeah, that.” Dream coughed. “Uh, it didn’t really work out.” The Floridian was silent for a moment. “Hey, at least I get to spend time with you!”

George felt a selfish well of happiness open up inside him before he shoved it down, replacing it with sympathy. “Aw, I’m really sorry Dream. Are you alright?”

“Don’t worry about it. Let’s just play Minecraft.” Dream went back onto Java, punching George into the lava.

heh rhyme

I hate myself

“Dream-Hey!” George shouted, annoyed but trying to bit back a smile. “Fuck you. I mean that.”
Love you, Dream.

FINALLY FUCK

imso sorry for the lateness im so freaking sorry motivation went fwurb

I hate this chapter with a passion please forgive me I know it sucks ass I DIDN'T
EVEN PROOFREAD IT THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS WRONG

I swear I started writing this before Dream's upload i haven't even seen that whole
video yet but GO WATCH IT

also, salsa bbh is taking the Internet by storm

next chapter is the sapnap chapter very excited to write that one boys

that's what I'm calling it

pls don't leave me

also, me and my brother were just chilling on hypixel when he goes "yo what if we
had achievements for real life" and I went "ok so what's we need to go deeper" and we
both started laughing like eleven-year-olds my sense of humor fucking sucks
on that note

Puff

ps I used compositional risks are u proud of me now third grade eng teacher

the sarnap chapter

Chapter Summary

bigbrainboyhalo
madnap/therapistnap
simp
and denial

Chapter Notes

obligatory GUYS THIS ISN'T DREAMNAP OR GEORGENOTNAP OK
FUCK YEAH THE SARNAP CHAPTER
I've really been looking forward to writing this
hopefully it'll be funny
also a bit angsty
maybe a bit more than a bit angsty
this is set on the same day as the last chapter
this chapter will most likely just make you frustrated as fuck, just like sarnap
also, small sprinkles of skephalo will probably be in this story if not necessarily this
chapter wink wonk
sarnap is the real main character dream and George are just the ~*^homosexual
supporting cast^*~
my birthday resolution is to stop writing long, convoluted author's notes so
let's get right into it shall we

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sarnap

“Bad, why do you always go for healpools? Geez, I’m actually starting to get why Skeppy bothers you so much about it.” Sarnap teased.

He was currently in the middle of a match of Bedwars with Bad, and it was definitely going his way.

“Stop it, you meanie! Healpools are the best strat. Don’t knock it till you try it.” his friend chided, placing another layer around his bed and doing his best to fend off Sarnap. “You absolute muffin! Oh my gosh, why do you have so much TNT?!”

“And...gone.” The brown-haired boy victoriously destroyed his friend’s bed with a click of his

mouse, and sent Bad into the void with another few swipes. The *VICTORY!* message flashed across his screen.

“Oh-Muffins!” Several creative replacements for swear words echoed through Sapnap’s headphones. He sat back in his chair and laughed.

“Pandas, you meanie. You’re a bad potato.” Bad pouted, leaving the party.

“That’s the third time in a row I’ve beaten you, Bad. You’re rusty.” Sapnap bragged, leaving the game Hypixel queued him into and exiting to the All Games lobby. “Uh, wanna play party games?” he inquired, clicking into said lobby and idly playing the Parkour Challenge while he waited.

“Nah, I think I’ll crash for today.” His friend yawned, logging out. “I’ve had a long day. Besides, I have to record with Skeppy early tomorrow morning.” He groaned. “Skeppy in the morning is the worst. I love that muffin, but he is so hard to put up with early.”

“Pfft. Honestly Bad, it’s only eight pm. What are you, eleven?” Sapnap teased, glancing at the time. *Imagine having a good sleep schedule. Can’t blame him though. He snickered to himself. Skeppy is an absolute fucking nightmare for Bad at any time, not to mention anytime earlier than ten am. Cool guy though.*

“Nine pm, actually.” Bad’s voice took on an injured tone. “You can’t blame me for wanting to get a good night’s sleep, you fat potato.”

“Fine, fine.” Sapnap conceded. “G’night, Bad. Love you to fucking pieces.”

“Aw, love you t-Hey, LANGUAGE-“The Texan left the voice channel, cutting his friend off. He chuckled, logging out of Hypixel as well. *There’s no way that I’m going to sleep at 8, but I don’t really want to stream or play Minecraft.* He settled for watching YouTube videos, checking out Dream’s perspective of their manhunt videos and having several ‘*oh*’ moments in the process.

So he really did make fire resistance. Wow, poor us. How did we win any of these?!

Sapnap decided to check Twitter after about half an hour.

TommyInnit tweeted:

@TwSapnap FUCK YOU SNAPMAP BITCH BOY

Shaking his head and snickering, he typed a reply.

TwSapnap replied:

wow ok at least im not cancelled #tommyisoverparty let's get it trending again

Within a minute, Tommy had replied.

TommyInnit replied:

DONT YOU DARE BITCH BOY THE KPOP STANS ARE ON MY SIDE
RISE UP AGAINST SNAPPYMAPPITUS

WilburSoot replied:

#tommyisoverparty

Technothepig replied:

#tommyisoverparty L

Sylvee replied:

#tommyisoverparty pfft

TimeDeo replied:

#tommyisoverparty sorry bro 🤔

TommyInnit replied:

NOT YOU TOO DEO NO

NOT WILBUR

SYLVEE HOW COULD YOU

TwSapnap replied:

Looks like everyone's on my side huh tommy #tommyisoverparty

my name is Sapnap idiot

TommyInnit replied:

THIS ISN'T THE LAST YOU'VE HEARD FROM ME SNAPPYITUS

brb deleting twitter

Sapnap threw his head back and laughed. Tommy really was a good kid, even if he was a little, uh, Tommy.

Suddenly, his phone buzzed and a Discord notification popped up.

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

hey sapnap

can we talk i ~~kind of need to talk to someone~~(edited)

Sapnap frowned at his phone. Worry welled up in his chest. *George seems a little off.*

Sapnap is typing...

Sapnap sent just now

yeah sure George nbd

gimme a sec ill call u on my pc ok?

GeorgeNotFound is typing...

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

yeah that's great

thanks nick

Sapnap's eyes widened as he registered that. George only ever called him by his real name when it was serious. Like when George nearly burned down his house trying to bake cookies and Sapnap had to walk George through calling 911 because he was having a panic attack. *Something bad must be wrong.*

Sapnap is typing...

Sapnap sent just now

anytime buddy

The brown-haired boy quickly walked over to his computer, slipping on his headphones. His eye caught the time as he opened up Discord. *9:15 PM. Wait a minute, George lives in England.*

Sapnap quickly searched up a timezone converter, a nagging feeling of worry swelling in his gut. *Which means that where he is it's...2:15 am.*

His stomach dropped. *George has the best sleep schedule out of me and Dream, what the fuck is he doing?*

The brown-haired boy took a deep breath, pulling up George's messages on Discord and starting a voice call. He waited.

A few moments later, George joined, his icon sliding in next to Sapnap's.

Sapnap was the first to speak, clearing his throat with a voice tinged with worry. "George, you wanted to talk? Are you feeling okay?"

"H...Hi, Nick." The older man's voice was wobbly, rife with sniffles, and hoarse.

He sounds like a fucking mess. What the hell happened?

“George, why are you up so late? Talk to me. Tell me what happened. Breathe, George.” Sapnap coaxed, trying to make his tone as comforting as possible.

“I-I, oh God , Nick, I fucked up. I fucked up so bad.” George broke down, whispering his words between shuddering, raspy sobs.

Sapnap felt a pang in his chest. It broke his heart to hear George like this.

“No, you didn’t. What happened, George?”

“I have no ch-chance, Nick. No fucking chance in hell. *Why did it have to be him?!*”the brunette cried, full-on sobbing now.

Sapnap furrowed his eyebrows. *Who’s ‘him’? Why did what?*

“George, go get some water and a box of tissues.” he ordered. “Take some deep breaths. You sound absolutely wrecked, man, you need to calm down and then we can get to the bottom of this.”

“O-Okay.” George sniffled, getting up and shuffling around before returning a few moments later. “Better?” His voice sounded considerably less raspy, and he seemed to be in a clearer frame of mind.

“Alright, drink the water and take some deep breaths. Then we can talk through what’s bothering you.” Sapnap sighed. *George always treats himself like shit. He doesn’t drink enough water, or he doesn’t eat fruit. I remember that one time he passed out while we were recording. Poor guy has no self-preservation instincts.*

“Okay. W-Wow, Nick, I didn’t know you were becoming a therapist.” George joked, sounding much better. *He’s making jokes, that’s good.*

“Just tell me what’s bothering you, George.”

“Uh...Well, it’s stupid.” the British boy replied anxiously.

“I swear to god.” Sapnap sighed loudly, exaggerating the sound. “ George. If it has you up crying at two am- don’t think I don’t know what time it is over there - then it is the opposite of stupid. And by the looks of it, you haven’t slept at all either. Tell me before I strangle you. ”

George chuckled weakly. “Okay, c-calm down. I...” the Brit fell silent again, hiccuping softly.

“Take your time, George.”

After a good long minute of silence, George spoke up again.

“Promise you won’t judge me? We’ll still be friends, right?”

quick annoying a/n: sapnap keeps autocorrecting to snapmap and it makes me want death

“George. We’ll always be friends. Wait, you didn’t commit a murder, did you?”

“No. Shut up, idiot.” George paused before just blurting it out.

“I love Dream.”

Sapnap exhaled with relief. “Uh, okay? I mean, I’m glad you got the courage up to say it. Is that-“

“No, idiot. I’m *in love* with Dream.”

“Yeah, you-“ Sapnap freezes as he registers that. *Wait, George like likes Dream? Like, like like?*

He thought back on all the moments Dream teased George, and George’s refusals to say that he loves Dream, and everything suddenly makes sense.

I can’t believe I didn’t realize. How long has this been weighing on him?

“Nick?” George’s voice sounds so small, so shaky, that Sapnap immediately feels guilty for going silent. “I understand if you don’t want to be friends anymore, or-“

“Shut up, George. Didn’t I say we’d always be friends? I couldn’t care less if you like guys.” the Texan cuts him off, sounding exasperated. “Dude, it’s okay. I get it. But *Dream?*” Sapnap couldn’t resist a little jibe.

“Yeah, I’m disappointed in myself too.” George chuckled, but it didn’t really sound like he was joking. “He doesn’t like me, Nick, I’m positive. It’s just sad-*I don’t even know what he looks like, for fuck’s sake!* I fell in love with a disembodied voice, Nick.”

“Eh, you’re not missing much. How are you so sure that he doesn’t like you back, George? Honestly, you’re just beating yourself up.” *Sapnap reasoned. Dream isn’t that attractive in person, is he? I mean, I didn’t notice. Looks like every other average Florida guy. To me, at least.*

“George, have you seriously considered that he might feel the same way?” *Dream might like George back. It’s not like it’s a faint possibility, I mean, what straight guy is constantly begging their best friend to tell them that they love him?*

“Not possible.” the British boy responded flatly. “That kind of guy has to be straight. I know it. “

Sapnap nearly groaned aloud with frustration. “Dude, just ask him if he’s gay.”

“No way! I’ll ruin everything, Nick, he’ll never want to speak to me again.” George’s voice started to get wobbly once again. “I can’t say anything about it. It’s my burden to bear.” He was audibly sniffing now. “G-Good talk. Thanks, Sapnap. But I have to shoulder through this on my own. It’s just a stupid crush.”

George’s icon twinkled and disappeared out of the call.

“George-“ Sapnap yelled, letting his head bang on the desk. *You’ve got to be fucking kidding. He’s never going to let go of that, is he? George is just going to keep beating himself up.*

Sapnap sent just now

george

srsly

u dont know for sure

come on man

dude

u cant do this to ur self

what if he likes you back

Sapnap sighed, leaving the voice call. George hadn’t answered, and his status was now invisible. *I hope he goes to sleep. He glanced at his computer time display once again. Ten o’ clock, so 3 am. Poor guy.* The Texan crossed the room to the kitchen, where he grabbed a glass and filled it with water, bringing it back to his desk and placing it down, taking small sips every now and then.

Sent to TommyInnit

Sapnap sent just now

r u streaming on dreams smp

TommyInnit is typing...

TommyInnit sent just now

yes snapmaP why

Sapnap sent just now

1v1 me in bedwars im bored

TommyInnit sent just now

no can do snappitus mappitoos

I know you want my clout

Sapnap sent just now

im just bored

just let me destroy you in bedwars in front of like 1k ppl

TommyInnit sent just now

I take offense to that snappyitus

bitch boy

apologize for trying to cancel me and i might

Sapnap sent just now

spam #tommyisoverparty chat lets get it trending again put it in all your tweets

TommyInnit sent just now

I HATE YOU

NOW THEYRE DOING IT

GOODBYE BITCH

Sapnap doubled over, clutching his stomach and laughing. *Bullying Tommy is always a good pick-me-up, as morally questionable as it may be.*

Suddenly, a new message appeared on Sapnap's Discord sidebar.

DreamWasTaken sent at 11:04

yo sapnap

Sapnap sent just now

yO dReAm

DreamWasTaken is typing...

DreamWasTaken just now

shut up

wanna get into a vc and play party games

Sapnap is typing...

Sapnap sent just now

sure

thank god I was getting bored

DreamWasTaken sent just now

XD

Sapnap sent just now

ew who tf uses xd unironically

DreamWasTaken started a voice call.

DreamWasTaken sent just now

shut up and join the call

Sapnap clicked on the call button, seeing his icon slide in next to Dream's.

“Sup?” he asked, already logging into Hypixel.

“Not much, really. You?” Dream answered after a few moments.

“Eh, nothing much either. Bullying Tommy on Twitter, you know how it is.” the Texan joked.

Normally Dream would've chuckled, or at least acknowledged him, but this time there was nothing. Sapnap frowned. *Maybe he's just tired.*

“I'm in the lobby, party me. Wait-Dude, everyone's spamming your name in chat-Did you forget to nick?!” Sapnap asked incredulously, checking that he was nicked.

“Oh, fuck. Yeah.” Dream answered absentmindedly, quickly sending Sapnap a party request and fixing his mistake. “Sorry!”

That's the first time Dream's forgotten to nick. He's got four million subscribers for fuck's sake. What the fuck is up with him?

“Uh, okay.” Sapnap started on the Parkour Challenge while waiting for Dream to start the match.

“Dude, this isn't a private game. You have to do /p private.” Sapnap prodded, noticing that they had joined a normal game. *What is up with him?*

“Oh, yeah, yeah, sorry.”

A few minutes later, they had finally joined a private game.

“Oh, look, it's that minecart-shooting-wool thing.” The Texan groaned. “Fuck, this is not my game. Why are you so good with a bow?”

Not a sound from Dream.

After the game, Sapnap stared incredulously at the scoreboard. *Dream didn't score once. And by the looks of it, he didn't take any shots either. I only made my shots twice, how the fuck did he lose? Dream always smashes me in party games.*

Even when he's tired, he'll never let me win anything. Something must be wrong. He groaned internally. *God, why are my two best friends such emotional wrecks? Love 'em to death, but what the fuck.*

The next game was starting, but Sapnap logged out.

"Dream." he prodded.

"...Mhnm?" Dream answered, sounding so lost in thought that he hadn't notice Sapnap disconnecting.

"Dream. Clay. Log out of Hypixel right now." Sapnap ordered, feeling frustration rise in his gut.

"Wh-huh?" his friend responded, shocked out of his reprieve by the use of his real name.
"Sapnap-"

"Do it."

"Uh...sure? Are you feeling oka-" Dream complied, only to get cut off.

"Am I feeling okay? Listen, Clay, I don't know what's wrong with you, but we are going to sit here and we are going to talk it out or so help me I will kill you myself. You expect me not to know when something's wrong?! You've been my friend for practically forever, how could you think I wouldn't notice?" Sapnap banged his hands against the desk, frustration making his voice rise. He glanced over at his glass of water, taking a long, rewarding sip. His frustration ebbed.

“Dude, you can just talk to me.” he added in a softer tone.

“...Okay.” Dream sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I’m sorry, Nick. I just... I wanted to talk to you about it, but...”

“Don’t be sorry. Just...tell me about it.” Sapnap placated him gently, crossing his arms.

“Promise you won’t hate me?”

“Promise. Why would I hate you? Besides those dumb emojis you use, of course.” the brown-haired boy joked, trying to lighten the mood.

Dream chuckled weakly. “Okay. Just..give me a second.”

“Take all the time you need, bro. It’s not like I’ve got anything to do soon.” He took another sip of water, swirling it around in his mouth.

“I...” Dream paused, and Sapnap could practically feel his nervousness.

“I...think I like George.”

Sapnap promptly spit his water out, drenching his desk. He watched the spill drip onto the carpet, making a dark, wet pool.

I was not expecting that.

Holy shit, this fucking changes things. The drama.

Oh my god, and George was so sure-Why am I even surprised?

“I’m sorry, I know this is going to make things really weird between us but I couldn’t just keep it in a-“

“Think or know?” Sapnap manages to choke out between frantically trying to suppress the rise of hysterical laughter swelling in his chest. *Why are you laughing, this isn’t funny -*

“Huh?” Dream sounds surprised and a bit relieved. “Oh, you mean-Uh...I guess know. It’s been really hard to admit this to myself, Sapnap. It’s just...Uh, you know. I couldn’t exactly help it- So, like...are you cool with it?”

“Oh..Yeah, totally. I-I couldn’t care less.” the Texan snorts, trying desperately not to burst out laughing.

“Dude, are you sure? You sound like you’re having a panic attack over there.” The Floridian raises his eyebrows, sounding incredibly confused.

“Nah, I’m cool. Uh, just give me a sec, my mum just texted me-“ Sapnap mutes his mic and doubles over, laughing so hard his sides begin to hurt.

“They’re idiots! They’re such oblivious fucking idiots, oh my god!” he shouts to the empty room, tears welling in his eyes. “Oh, this is just sad. I can’t believe-“ Another bout of laughter hits him like a tsunami, and he doubles over again.

Slowly he manages to compose himself and unmutes his mic. “Uh, I’m back. Yeah, we’re good. So why exactly haven’t you asked George out yet?”

“Oka-What?! Dude, are you insane? There’s no way I’m going to do that, dumbass.” Dream replies, sounding extremely taken aback.

“Why not? What do you have to lose? He might like you back, you know.” Sapnap prodded, treading carefully. *I swear, if I can get these two idiots together, that’ll be the achievement of a fucking lifetime.*

“Pfft. Yeah, right.” Dream chuckled, although Sapnap heard the faint note of longing in his voice. “Then why doesn’t he ever say he loves me, Nick? There’s no way someone like that likes guys.” *Or maybe that someone is just very in denial.*

“You can’t know for sure. C’mon, why don’t you just go for it?” Sapnap pleaded, feeling that now-familiar well of frustration open up again.

“I-I’m sorry Sapnap, I just can’t. What if it makes things weird? What if he-He hasn’t even seen my face. There’s literally no way. He’ll hate me.”

“But-“

““Night, Pandas. Thanks for talking with me about it.” Dream answers with an air of finality and sadness.

His icon twinkles and disappears, leaving Sapnap in the voice call.

So this is déjà vu.

Sapnap doesn’t bother pleading further. He knows that Dream is just as stubborn as George, if not even more so. Leaving the voice call, he stands up, going to grab a towel from the kitchen for the water spill. On the way, he can’t resist kicking the wall a few times.

Fucking idiots. They’re both so blind. So. Blind.

He sighs, resting his head on the kitchen counter, more frustration bubbling in his stomach. Without thinking, he picked his phone up from where he left it earlier and navigated to Discord, voice calling Bad.

Oh, wait-he has to get up early, right? Sapnap moved to end the call, but Bad’s icon suddenly

twinkled into existence next to his.

“What, you muffin...” a sleepy voice emanated from Sapnap’s phone. “I’m tired, you potato. This better be important.”

Sapnap cringed. “Sorry, Bad. I forgot you’d be asleep.”

“It’s okay, but make it quick. It’s one am, Pandas.”

“Twelve, actually.” Sapnap answered, glancing at the clock. “Sorry, dude. I’ll try to make this quick.”

“Okay, then get on with it.” Bad yawned loudly, sounding more awake.

“You won’t tell anyone I told you this, will you?”

“No, of course not. I can keep a secret, as long as it’s not too muffiny.”

“Okay then.” Sapnap took a deep breath. “So George called me like right after you and I hung up earlier. He sounded really terrible, and he was crying, and he tells me that he likes Dream-“

“I knew it!”

“Yeah, yeah. And he’s crying ‘cause he thinks Dream will hate him or something? And I tried to convince him that Dream might like him back, but he refuses to believe it and hangs up on me.

“Poor muffin.” Bad made a *tsk* noise. “I wish he wouldn’t be so hard on himself. Is that all?”

“Same. Nope. Here’s the funny thing. Like an hour later, Dream messages me to play party games. I get on, and he forgets to nick.”

“Oh, I do that all the time.” Bad mused. Sapnap grimaced, remembering when Bad had done just that earlier in the evening, and they had gotten majorly targeted.

“Yeah, but not Dream . The guy has four million fans, for fuck’s sake. If-“

“Language!”

“If anything, forgetting to nick is literally the last thing he would do. You know Dream. He’s always methodical, and he always pays attention to everything around him. Anyway, then he forgets to do a private game, and he’s not even responding to me, which is rude, by the way, and then I win the first round of the game.”

“What? You suck at party games.”

“Exactly.” Sapnap didn’t even take offense at the jab. “And it was one of the bow games, which we both know Dream is legendary at. So I log out and ask him what’s wrong. And get this *-apparently he likes George too.*” The Texan grinned, waiting for his friend’s reaction.

“What!” Bad gasped audibly, sounding completely wide awake. “Oh, muffins, they have to get together. What happened then?”

“He thought there was no way George could like him. Then I asked him why he didn’t just ask George on a date, and he pussied out-“

“Language!”

“Sorry! And then he just hung up on me, which was like ten minutes ago.” Sapnap finished.

“Oh, that is so stupid. We have to get them together.”

“That’s the thing! They’re so oblivious it’s just sad! And George is all hung up on not having seen Dream, and Dream thinks that there’s no way George likes him without having seen him. It’s so fucking dumb!”

Bad didn't even reprimand Sapnap for cursing, he was so deep in thought.

"Bad? You there?"

"Never seen him, you say..." Bad muttered, almost to himself.

"Bad!"

"Okay, you muffin. I've got a plan. George's birthday is coming up, right?"

Chapter End Notes

HAHA CLIFFHANGER UH OH

I have no friends

that moment when you realize your two best friends are gay disasters for each other

god I love sapnap

next chapter has various youtubers (I think it's skeppy, a6d, and techno? Maybe Finn

if you guys want (probably so I can have Techno make jokes about being the only straight person))

skephalo? Y/N

finn6d? Y/N

my search history:

how to write fluff

pictures of a6d's cat

does sapnap live in Australia

Hope you enjoyed this chapter!

comments bring me back from the dead

lmk what you think yee

love, puff

pure, unfiltered chaos

Chapter Summary

this is a funny chapter pls laugh
pls

Chapter Notes

welcome to chapter drive
sometimes I read DNF fics that are really fucking good and lose a significant amount of my confidence
i suddenly feel an extreme uncontrollable urge to write a mcyt danganronpa au as my next story, basically inserting em in a killing game (if you don't know what that is, basically there's a robot bear that is controlled by someone and-uh-it's like, sixteen or so people get trapped in a school and the only way out is to kill someone and get away with it. once someone dies, you have twenty-four hours after the body is discovered to investigate and get evidence as to who did it. after time is up, then you get sent to a class trial room where you theorize about who did it with everyone else. if you catch the murderer, they die horribly in some twisted way. if you don't, they go free and everyone else dies. your goal is to stop the killing game by figuring out who the mastermind is (the person controlling the bear, who is basically the one who trapped you all.)) make sense? no? great. please drop a comment telling me if you'd be cool with seeing this (even if you dunno what DanganRonpa is) I'll probably do it anyway, but I'd love to see thoughts!
basically I have four ideas for my next story:
1. DR au (the killing game, please drop ideas for the protagonist and the ultimate detective! rn I'm thinking george protagon and Dream det? may/probably will change it if you want. idk if I should make it shippy or not. if I do, expect angst >:) also drop ideas for what people's ultimate talents should be! (Which is basically the thing they're best at. HOW TO EXPLAIN) pls let me find the small group of people who like both mcyt and dr
2. Doki Doki Literature Club au (maybe. it's kinda hard to explain, but if you've played it tell me if you'd like to see it! drop protagon ideas and ideas for monika, natsuki, yuri, and sayori :D spoilers for this one but not for the dr game bc they're all different and I'll be making up my own murders and clues)
3. literally a high school au / chatfic (one word: SHENANIGANS.) clubs, ships, you name it. also really wanna do this one! aaaaaa high school aus rule
4. coffee shop au. That's it.
pls lmk which one you'd like to see first (pls gimme validation for the dr one i really wanna do it aaaaaa)
lol I'm thinking way too far ahead like slow down me smh this story hasn't even hit the halfway point yet
there goes me fucking birthday resolution
sorry for writing a long-ass note lmao
we are Ignoring the visa problem
also forgive me pls I wrote this chapter at 1am with a migraine while listening to spider dance

also I literally don't know if any of Bad's friends have met sapnap so I just had them introduce themselves
let's go gamers

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap

“Are you sure about this, Bad?” Sapnap mused, leaning on his counter. “I mean, do you think they'll be on board?”

“Of course, you muffin. They'll be happy to help out.”

The two friends had been talking for hours, scheming and discarding idea after another before they had come up with the final plan. Project Cornflower, they called it. Sapnap had been all for calling the plan Project Crafting Table, but after he explained the joke, Bad shot that down immediately.

‘No, you muffin! Do you know what that's insinuating? That's so inappropriate! We're trying to get them to date, not...no. No!’

‘Bad, you do know all couples-‘

‘NO!’

“Okay. Let's go over it one more time.” Sapnap directed, opening the notes app on his phone.
which is what I use to write this shit

“Gotcha. So, I text Skeppy, Techno, Finn, and a6d after this and ask them to be online at twelve p.m. EST tomorrow.” Bad recounted.

“Yeah, then we add them to a group and get in a call.” the Texan answered absentmindedly, jotting down the details.

“Mhm. And then we ask them for some money to buy George a birthday present. I mean, it's kind of also a present for Dream.”

“AKA, a plane ticket to Florida.” Sapnap snickered. “Yep. But how do you know they’ll be fine with it? Also, I’m not sure that I wanna just beg them for money. None of those people know George or Dream that well.”

“Nuh-uh. They all know Dream. And Skeppy gives away one thousand dollars in practically all his videos, he’ll be fine chipping in a bit to buy our friend a present.” Bad waved a hand dismissively. “And if not, I can just convince them. Trust me.”

Sapnap grimaced. *That seems... kind of morally questionable and very manipulative. Also, a little bit scary.*

“Uh, I guess I’ll take your word for it. God, this is a stupid plan.” Sapnap chuckled nervously to himself. “After we get them to chip in a bit, I get George a ticket and one for myself, which I’ll pay for-“

“I can help you get one. You sure you want to pay for it?” his friend asked, concerned. “You don’t have to-“

“Yes, Bad. I’m fine. Seriously.” The brown-haired boy rolled his eyes. “I have a job, dude.”

“Yeah, playing video games.”

“That’s your job too! For fuck’s sake-“

“Language!”

“Okay, okay.” Sapnap’s shoulders shook with suppressed laughter. *Honestly, sometimes Bad can be a handful.* “Then we get Dream and George in another call and tell them, basically forcing Dream to let me and George stay at his place.” *God, this has got to be the worst plan ever. Only BadBoyHalo at one am could’ve come up with something like this. But it might work.*

Maybe.

Probably not.

“Yep. And then you stay there for-how long?”

“Uh, I’m going to go with two weeks. We don’t want to bother Dream for longer than that, and it should be enough time to get two dumbasses together.”

“Language! Yeah, that should be it.”

Sapnap went silent for a moment. “*Bad.*”

“Mhm?”

“There are so many things wrong with this. When should the planes leave, how long do we give them, how am I supposed to get them together-“

“Oh, muffins.” Bad bit his lip. “Didn’t think of that. Uh...Eh, we’ll figure it out. I’m texting Skeppy, Finn, a6d, and Techno now. Bye!”

“What the fuck? Wai-“ Bad’s icon twinkled and disappeared. Sapnap was starting to see a pattern with that. *Fuck, this is never going to work. Of all the chaotic dumbasses.*

The Texan banged his head against the counter. *Guess we’re just winging this. But if Dream and George end up together, it’ll be worth it.*

He yawned, tossing his phone down and heading to his bedroom.

I'll deal with it in the morning.

elevator music, specifically Wilbur Soot elevator music

haha transition go brrrrr

send help

***waves magic wand* it is now the next morning**

Sapnap groaned, rolling over and mashing his face into the pillow. *Getting up is officially overrated.*

Still, something nagged at the back of his head. *I was talking to Bad last night...something about Dream and George?* The Texan rolled back over, racking his brain.

Something about plane tickets. Wasn't George crying? Why would he cry? Does he not like planes?

Sapnap sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. *Did Dream cry? Was I talking to Bad or Dream? I beat Dream in party games, but that must've been a, well, dream because I suck at those. I remember talking to Tommy. Did I call Tommy?*

The brown-haired boy groaned and picked up his phone. *10:54. Oh, and a few new messages from Bad.*

SaintsOfGames sent five minutes ago

pandas where are you 0_o

SaintsOfGames sent two minutes ago

are you up yet

SaintsOfGames sent one minute ago

I added you to the group

WAKE UP D: it's almost 12

SaintsOfGames sent just now

I canceled my recording with Skeppy for this seriously

JOIN THE GROUP CMON

Sapnap furrowed his eyebrows in confusion, typing back.

Sapnap sent just now

what group

canceled for what

??? Bad

SaintsOfGames is typing...

SaintsOfGames sent just now

Oh my gosh

Pandas you better be pulling my leg

Sapnap sent just now

??? im so confused wtf

SaintsOfGames sent just now

THE PLAN REMEMBER

PROJECT CORNFLOWER

CMON JOIN THE GROUP D:<

Sapnap's eyes widened. *Oh, yeah. Project Cornflower...We were trying to get Dream and George together! So that's why George was crying. Huh. Guess I really did beat Dream at party games. We were gonna get plane tickets, and beg people for money. At 12 PM today.*

The Texan glanced at his phone clock. *It's only ten fifty-eight. Why is Bad in such a rush?*

Sapnap sent just now

oh uh yeah

I was just messing with u

why now I thought it was at 12

SaintsOfGames is typing...

SaintsOfGames sent just now

IT IS 12

Sapnap sent just now

no its 11 r u dumb

SaintsOfGames sent just now

DO YOU NOT KNOW WHAT TIMEZONES ARE

...Oh.

Sapnap sent just now

._.

joining the group

SaintsOfGames sent just now

FINALLY >_<

Sapnap hurriedly tapped on the group join request in his sidebar and typed a message.

Group 'Project Cornflower >:D'

Members: Skeppy, a6d, FINN5TER, Technothepig, SaintsOfGames, Sapnap

Sapnap joined the group.

Sapnap sent just now

lol sorry I was asleep

Sapnap joined a call started by SaintsOfGames.

His icon appeared next to several others.

“Look who decided to join us.” A dry, monotone voice emanated through the speakers, tinged with a hint of amusement. On Sapnap’s screen, the pig icon lit up.

“Be nice, Techno. We haven’t been waiting for that long.” Bad chided, sounding exasperated. “Have any of you met Sapnap?”

Silence. “I’ll take that as a no. How about we all introduce ourselves?” Bad added awkwardly.

“Bad, this isn’t kindergarten. We know who he is.” someone else cut in, the EA icon lighting up.

Awkward silence. I hate awkward silence.

“You guys are talking about me like I’m not even here. Ouch. Okay, uh, let’s start over. Hi, I’m Sapnap. My, uh, my favorite thing to do is play video games. Welcome to kindergarten.” the brown-haired-boy joked, hoping to lighten the mood. “You must be Bad’s friends.”

“No, they’re all my boyfriends, actually. But Bad is just my side hoe.” Another icon lit up. *What is that? Some sort of blue fish?* “I like the introducing-yourself idea. I’m Finn. My favorite thing to do is dress up like a girl and catfish people.” Several people snickered. *Oh. FINN5TER.*

“Wait, I’m your what?” Bad interrupted, sounding scandalized.

“My side-you know what, nevermind.” Sapnap chuckled at the joke.

“Babe, are you cheating on me?!” The EA icon lit up again. “How could you? I thought we had something special.” The person on the other end started sniffing loudly, really hamming it up.

“No, babe! They don’t mean anything, I swear. You’ll always have a special place in my heart.” Finn responded jokingly, eliciting more laughs. “Introduce yourself, idiots.”

“Skeppy. My favorite thing to do is to troll BaldBoyHalo.” the EA icon voice introduced himself.

“Wha-Hey! No it’s not. And I’m not bald.” Bad cut in, sounding wounded.

“Uh, I’m Techno. I like to destroy children and punch small animals. In Minecraft, of course. Obviously. I see we both share a passion for bullying Tommy, Sapnap, is it?” the deep, monotone voice continued. “I don’t recall agreeing to date Finn, though. Is that something you have to opt out of like those annoyin’ chain emails? You never ask to get ‘em, but there they are anyway. Finn, where’s your cancel button? I didn’t sign up for this.” Laughter broke out, fizzing through the speaker with a static-like sound.

“Is that everyone?” Skeppy asked after finally calming down.

“Uh...No, actually.” Bad checked the member list. “There’s six people in the call.”

“Then who-“ Sapnap tilted his head, confused.

“Fuck.” Another voice, bearing a distinct foreign accent, interjected. “Is it too late to leave?”

“Language, a6d! C’mon, introduce yourself.” Bad scolded. “You can’t just hide in the corner.”

“Yeah, right. I’m a6d. My favorite thing to do is sleep with my cat.” a6d huffed. “Am I done now?”

“Pfft.” Skeppy started to snicker. “You do realize how wrong that sounded, right?”

“What?”

“My favorite thing to do is sleep with my cat.” Skeppy mimicked, trilling his *r*’s in a poor imitation of a6d. “Think about it.”

Sapnap chuckled. “Dude, what is your brain, that’s so gross-“

“Fuck you. Oh, I’m *Skeppy*, I speak *one language* -“ a6d parroted back, pitching his voice an octave higher in an equally terrible imitation.

“Hey! I do not sound like that-“

“Yeah, you kinda do.” Techno interrupted, snickering snidely.

“I don’t get it.” Bad sounded so confused that Sapnap broke into laughter, followed by everyone else.

“Dibs on explaining it to him-“ Finn yelled out amidst the raucous laughter.

“No way, dude, he’ll probably explode.”

“What is wrong with your stupid gremlin mind, Skeppy?” Techno deadpanned.

“Hey, it’s not always me! Remember ‘*you make my piston sticky*’ ? That was Purv!”

“Wait, *who*?”

“When did *that* happen?”

“GUYS!” Bad yelled, sounding extremely exasperated, which was about as angry as he ever got. “This isn’t why we’re here! Back me up, Sapnap.” he hissed.

Sapnap quickly composed himself, although his stomach hurt from laughing. “Uh, yeah. We need to ask you guys something. Wait one sec-“

Private messages to SaintsOfGames

Sapnap sent just now

dude do we tell them about them liking each other?! we shouldve thought this thru

SaintsOfGames sent just now

no just say it’s a birthday gift

respect their privacy

“Uh, yeah. Okay.” Sapnap cleared his throat. “So, you guys know Dream, right?”

“Obviously.” Skeppy scoffed. “And Techno simps for him.”

“No, I’m a Dream stan , okay?” the pig cut in. “I had no choice.” He shuddered. “Stole my clout.”

“Not personally, but yeah. Why?” Finn replied.

“Yeah, we all know Dream.” a6d summed up. “Why?”

“Okay, how about George?” Sapnap asked.

“Which one?” Skeppy asked, confused.

“Clearly the British one. With brown hair.” Finn added unhelpfully.

“THAT’S BOTH OF THEM-“

“Spifey?” a6d asked.

“No, we were talking about Dream, which means it’s that George, the one that made them lose Build Mart.” Techno reasoned.

“The colorblind one?”

“No, George has brown hair.”

“Yeah, Spifey’s George.”

“I didn’t know Spifey was colorblind!”

“No, the George that wears glasses.”

“Wait, Spifey was in Minecraft Championships?”

“I wasn’t.”

“They both wear glasses.”

“IRL or in Minecraft?”

“What does that mean?”

“No, one has glasses on their skin and the other one wears them in real life.”

“There’s only one George, right?”

“How many subscribers does the George have?”

“They have the same amount, idiot.”

“Wait, is Spifey actually colorblind? Is that why he uses so many weird texture packs? Dude-“

“The one that screams a lot or the one that makes people’s eyes hurt?”

Sapnap went on deafen. He couldn’t take it anymore.

Private messages to SaintsOfGames

Sapnap sent just now

dude your friends are so chaotic it hurts

SaintsOfGames sent just now

0_o I know

Sapnap sent just now

ok hb this

mute them all

then we can explain

SaintsOfGames sent just now

you sure? seems kinda mean :(

Sapnap sent just now

WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO

SaintsOfGames is typing...

SaintsOfGames stopped typing.

Sapnap undeafened carefully. The debate was still going on.

“No, it has to be Spifey.”

“THEN WHY WERE WE TALKING ABOUT DREAM?!”

“Can everyone just shut the fuck up and-“

Dead silence. Thank god.

Private messages to SaintsOfGames

Sapnap sent just now

dude unmute me

SaintsOfGames sent just now

oh yeah sorry

Group Project Cornflower >:D

Skeppy sent just now

yo wtf

F1NN5TER sent just now

IS SPIFEY COLORBLIND OR NOT

a6d sent just now

Finn

shut the fuck up

F1NN5TER sent just now

sweetie D:

“Language, a6d! Anyway, I had to mute you guys cause it was getting bad. We meant GeorgeNotFound.”

Technothepig sent just now

WHAT DID I FUCKING TELL YOU

Skeppy sent just now

oh

a6d sent just now

oh

F1NN5TER sent just now

oh

“Language, Techno. GeorgeNotFound is the colorblind one, by the way. Anyway, can we actually get to the point now? You can explain, Sapnap.”

“Okay, yeah. I’m just gonna assume you guys know George. Anyway, his birthday is coming up and he really wants to see Dream.” *Technically not a lie.* “So we decided to surprise him with a plane ticket to Florida, where Dream lives.”

F1NN5TER sent just now

a6d why don't you buy me plane tickets I thought you were my sugar daddy :(

a6d sent just now

...

Technothepig sent just now

this is why i've considered becoming a trap

think of the views

Skeppy sent just now

TECHNO NO

“Sugar what?” Bad asked, confused. “Anyway, we were hoping you guys would chip in some money for the gift. What do you say?”

F1NN5TER sent just now

yeah sure anything to finally get Dream a dick appointment

“A *what* ?” Sapnap choked out. *Does Finn know-*

Technothepig sent just now

a *what* appointment

a6d sent just now

WHAT THE FUCK DOES THAT MEAN

Skeppy sent just now

WHO SAYS DICK APPOINTMENT

F1NN5TER sent just now

me ;)

Skeppy sent just now

...

a6d sent just now

...

Technothepig sent just now

am I the only straight person here

F1NN5TER sent just now

idk are you ;)

Technothepig sent just now

...

I'll PayPal Bad some money

Technothepig left the group.

F1NN5TER sent just now

noooo my fifth bf :(((

a6d sent just now

mmm whatcha saaaaay

“Guys, just-you know Bad’s PayPal. If you wanna chip in some money, then send some. Limit is fifty dollars, though. Not too much.” Sapnap sighed, already tired out.

Skeppy sent just now

expect 1k

F1NN5TER sent just now

stop flexing babe

a6d sent just now

I’m blocking all of you

a6d left the group.

“Uh, okay then. That’s my last braincell gone, and now we need to wait for it to regenerate, I’m afraid. We’ll buy the ticket tomorrow. Thanks, guys! Bye.”

Sapnap left the group.

The Texan sat back in his chair, grinning. *Bad’s friends-or Finn’s boyfriends, I guess- are the most ridiculous people I’ve met in my life.*

I’ll figure out when the planes will leave tomorrow. I’ve had enough chaos for one day.

Chapter End Notes

mmm whatcha saaaaay
sorry for a bit of a short chapter lads with an abrupt ending

I wanted to write something funny and uh here you go

I was planning on them purchasing the tickets in this chapter but then it was getting to be to long so eh, I just kinda cut it off there

tell me which story idea you liked best!

also, lmk if you enjoyed this chapter :D comments are the fuel to my nitro-fire nerf gun

love,

puff

why sapnap why ft BadBoyHalo the underrated player

Chapter Summary

this chapter is shit I'm so sorry it gets better later :(

Chapter Notes

welcome to chapter secs

big reveal tickets chapter !!!!!

also seriously didn't put this in the last chapter but thanks SO MUCH for 400 kudos
aaaaaa ily all

I did post the DR au, but apparently a lot of creators said they were 100% uncomfortable with that and I was urged to take it down. Sorry for those who wanted it, but if people are uncomfortable, then I definitely won't do it. I'm really sorry. But, we're doing the high school au now, so yay for that! it's posted, called shenanigans! the first story in it is out and im super proud :D

also this whole story is bpt (before P*zza Hut) obviously

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sapnap

Okay, I've procrastinated this long enough. Tickets, tickets, tickets... The brown-haired boy frowned as he scrolled through prices and plane options on his computer. There's a plane leaving from here to Florida in three days, and it's in my price range. He clicked purchase. God, I can't believe I'm actually doing this.

Okay, flights from England. England to Florida, England to Florida... One leaving in three days as well. Perfect. Just in time for George's birthday. He purchased it quickly, laying back in his chair and yawning. I really have to fix my sleep schedule. It's like, eleven pm. One last thing.

Private messages to SaintsOfGames

Sapnap sent just now

yo how much did u get paypaled

George ticket was \$650

SaintsOfGames is typing...

SaintsOfGames sent just now

I got 1.2k ಠ _ ಠ

Sapnap sent just now

what

SaintsOfGames sent just now

I KNOW

Skeppy actually sent me 1k

Said it was from him and Finn

Techno sent me \$100

A6D sent me \$100 as well

Sapnap sent just now

bro we're not getting him business class

just send me the 650, I got the ticket

SaintsOfGames sent just now

ok but what about the rest D:

what about your ticket?

Sapnap sent just now

idk

dw abt me

buy really expensive shoes or smth

SaintsOfGames is typing...

Sapnap sent just now

lol anyway

should we get gogy and drem in a call now

SaintsOfGames sent just now

gogy?

Sapnap sent just now

idk that's what the stans call george

SaintsOfGames sent just now

ohhh

ok

yeah, I'll make the group

one sec

Sapnap smiled. *Is Dream going to agree to this? Probably, right? Because I've seen his face, even if George hasn't. And if I know what he looks like, then he won't have any issues showing George, right?*

He snickered. *Yeah, but George is a different story. Oh, I'm going to tease the shit out of Dream while we're there.*

His phone buzzed.

SaintsOfGames sent just now

done check your requests 0_o

Group 'Guess what >:D'

Members: SaintsOfGames, Sapnap

Pending: DreamWasTaken, GeorgeNotFound

Sapnap joined the group.

Sapnap sent just now

ok spam George with 'join the group' I'll spam Dream

SaintsOfGames sent just now

fine :(

Private messages to DreamWasTaken

Sapnap sent just now

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

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dream

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dream

dream

dream

~~If u don't respond ur gay (deleted)~~

~~oh right LOL (deleted)~~

~~my bad (deleted)~~

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

dream

DreamWasTaken sent just now

WHAT DO YOU WANT

Sapnap sent just now

oh hi dream

join the group

DreamWasTaken is typing...

DreamWasTaken sent just now

WHAT GROUP

Sapnap sent just now

jeez calm down

Bads group on discord

DreamWasTaken sent just now

oh I see it

Why

Sapnap sent just now

Just do it

Group 'Guess what >:D'

Members: DreamWasTaken, GeorgeNotFound, SaintsOfGames, Sapnap

GeorgeNotFound joined the group.

DreamWasTaken joined the group.

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

well that group name isn't ominous at all

DreamWasTaken sent just now

yeah bad are you pregnant or something

SaintsOfGames sent just now

NO D:<

Sapnap sent just now

lol I wish

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

W h a t

Why

Sapnap sent just now

why did I say that

whatever

just

get in a call

Sapnap started a call.

SaintsOfGames joined the active call.

DreamWasTaken sent just now

no explain that

Sapnap sent just now

GET IN THE MOTHERFUCKING CALL

SaintsOfGames sent just now

Language! D:<

DreamWasTaken joined the active call.

GeorgeNotFound joined the active call.

“Finally.” Sapnap pinched his forehead with two fingers, the other hand resting on his mouse.

“Uh, would someone care to explain why we’re here?” George piped up.

“Yeah, for fuck’s sake. Sapnap, you spammed me for like ten minutes.” Dream added.

“Language!”

“Okay, okay.” Sapnap grinned, pretending to be annoyed. “Uh, George, your birthday is coming up.”

this story is set in fall because George’s bday is nov 1 (mentioned that in chapter 1 but here’s a reminder)

“Yeah, I had no idea. Thanks for reminding me.” George responded sarcastically, leaning back. “What, did you get me something?”

This is harder than I thought it would be. “Sort of? It’s kinda for Dream too.” *Not a lie.* Sapnap went back to the ticket website from earlier, taking a screenshot of the purchased tickets. “Just...look in the chat.”

Sapnap sent just now

<Open Image>

“What am I looking at?” Dream squinted.

The youngest boy sighed. “You’re dense as fuck.”

“Language, Sapnap!”

A few minutes passed. Sapnap hid a snicker, waiting for the penny to drop.

George finally spoke up. “Sapnap, that better not be what I fucking think it is.”

“George!” Bad reprimanded.

“Depends on what you think it is.” Sapnap chuckled, covering his mouth with one hand.

“You didn’t. Sapnap, that better be photoshop, don’t you tell me- “

“Oh, but I did. With help, of course. Finn, a6d, Skep, and Techno pitched in. Was Bad’s idea, though.”

“Pitched in on what? Guys?” Dream asked, sounding confused.

“Sapnap, you fucking idiot.” George replied, dazed. “Why would-How-Who-“

“Happy birthday, George!” Bad cheered, clapping his hands.

“GUYS, WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?!” Dream yelled, exasperated. “Happy birthday George what? What is that? Can someone explain this to me?”

The youngest boy burst into laughter. “Dude, have you never seen a plane ticket before?”

“Of course I have- wait a fucking minute .”

Private messages to DreamWasTaken

DreamWasTaken just now

what the fuck, Nick

Sapnap sent just now

you’re welcome ;)

get your fucking maannnnnnss

DreamWasTaken sent just now

im going to strangle you

what were you thinking

DreamWasTaken is typing...

“Better pack your bags, George, because you and I are flying to Florida in a few days!” Sapnap exclaimed, going back to the group.

“Dream, did you know about this?” George accused. “What the-“

“Sapnap, you motherfucker. I had no clue, trust me. Guys, how did you even do this?” Dream sighed. “I suppose you’ll be wanting to stay at my place, too.” His voice took on a defeated tone. “How long will you be staying..?”

“Language! Hmph. Be nice, Dream.”

“Precisely. That’s the spirit, Dream! We’ll be living with you for two whole weeks.” Sapnap was really enjoying himself. “C’mon, please? I wanna stay with my best buds.” he snickered.

“...Fine. But only because I don’t want to make you spend more on a hotel.” Dream agreed, sounding resigned. “This is bullshit.”

Sapnap whooped. “Great! I’ll let you guys work out the finer details. George, I’ll send you the ticket link. And whatever you do, Don’t. Miss. Your Fucking Flight. ‘Kaythanksbye!” The youngest boy quickly tapped the ‘leave call’ button.

“I never agreed to thi-“

“Hey, watch your la-“

Private messages to GeorgeNotFound

GeorgeNotFound is typing...

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

WHAT HOW WHY SAPNAP

WTF

Sapnap sent just now

thank me later dumbass

GeorgeNotFound is typing...

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

oh yeah

dude seriously

thank you

Sapnap sent just now

you can thank me by confessing ur undying love

GeorgeNotFound sent just now

I take it back ur still stupid

but how did

wh

Sapnap went offline.

George

“I can’t believe Sapnap really just did that and left. Bad, why-“Dream complained.

“Actually, it was my idea.” Bad admitted. “But come on! It’ll be so much fun for all of you guys. Pleeese?”

“It was your idea?” George asked, incredulous. “BadBoyHalo the underrated player indeed.”

Dream snickered. “Still, I mean, I’m okay with it. George?” Was that a hopeful undertone to Dream’s voice? *Shut up, he’s your best friend. Of course he wants to meet up.*

George swallowed, fidgeting.

Well, it can’t hurt. Maybe he’ll be ugly and these stupid feelings will be gone. Why did that make George feel worse?

“Fine, fine.” he conceded.

Bad whooped. “Yay! I hope you guys have loads of fun.”

“I mean, don’t you want to come too?” the Floridian asked. “Like, we don’t want to exclude you or anything.”

“Can’t, sorry. I have to record, and I’ll be flying out to some convention with Skeppy, Finn, and Vurb a couple months from now.” Bad smiled. “Don’t worry about me. It’s a gift, enjoy it!”

“Aw, thanks, Bad. You’re a sweetheart.” Dream joked. “By the way, I’m gonna PayPal you the ticket money.”

“Wait, no-“

George clicked the end call button, chuckling and sitting back in his chair.

Sapnap and Bad bought us tickets to Florida. George could barely believe it. *Florida.*

Dream.

I'm going to see Dream.

The Brit's eyes widened, as if just realizing. *I'm going to see my best friend for the first time.*

Best friend, George? Just best friend? an annoying little voice nagged in his head.

Shut up, me. Fine, fine. It's a little crush, I'll get over it.

A little crush that you had a mental breakdown and then went crying to Sapnap over. Sapnap, of all people.

George sighed, walking to the kitchen and opening the refrigerator aimlessly. *Well, he's still my best friend. And I'm going to see him.*

Sapnap, too. You really are head over heels, George.

Shut up, me.

Another spark of realization hit him like a lightning bolt, an uncontrollable giddy grin spreading across his face. *I'm going to see Dream!*

He jumped up and down, bouncing on the balls of his feet. *Oh my god, I can't believe I'm actually going to see him-and for two weeks, too! I've never been to Florida. I wonder if Sapnap bought us plane tickets back.*

He better have.

...Would I really mind if he didn't, though? George shoved *that* particular thought to the back of his mind, walking into his bedroom and opening the closet, pulling out a familiar rolling suitcase almost on autopilot.

That's so dumb, George. As if.

The Brit flushed, placing his suitcase down at the base of his bed. *Might as well get some packing done.* George took a deep breath to calm himself, starting the mundane task and trying to ignore the now-familiar buzzing of his heart.

Dream

“Okay, I’ve sent it.” Dream clicked on the Complete Transaction button, sending his friend an estimate of the cost of two reasonably-priced plane tickets.

“You better not have! C’mon, Dream, please, it’s a gift, Skeppy already sent me too much money-“ Bad pleaded.

“Then treat yourself, Bad. It’s the least I can do. Buy like, a ton of muffins. Donate it to charity. Buy your dogs some stuff.”

“I-“

Dream clicked the end call button, snickering. He felt kind of, well, *bad* for leaving Bad hanging, but he knew that his friend wouldn’t want to keep the money unless Dream gave him no other choice. *Bad really needs to take better care of himself. Spending a lot of time with Skeppy can have all kinds of negative effects, even if he is a fun guy.*

The thought made him snort. *What is he, a drug? Skeppy tablets-creates a temporary high, but may cause lingering pain and extreme migraines.*

Migraines, indeed.

He chuckled to himself at the ridiculous image of several diamond heads crammed into an orange pill bottle. *My brain is all over the place today.*

The Floridian turned back to his computer, trying to remember what he was just doing.

Sapnap and George are flying out! He grinned . I can't believe it. I've seen Sapnap before, but I'm finally going to be able to meet George in person.

I'm going to meet George in person. Just thinking about it made Dream's heart beat faster and his chest flutter.

What will he think of me? Dream wasn't normally the type to be self-conscious about his body, but he still wondered. He stood up abruptly and walked into the bathroom, peering at the mirror. A familiar pair of green eyes peered back.

Dream wrinkled his nose, the freckles scattered across his face scrunching up with the motion. For an absurd moment, he wondered what George's type was.

Definitely not anywhere near you, idiot. he scolded himself.

He suddenly turned away from the mirror, heading into his room and face-planting onto the bed, not bothering to change into pajamas.

This is all so confusing. Focus, Clay. He's your best friend and you're going to see him. Dream groaned into the sheets. *I have to get a spare mattress for George tomorrow.*

Sapnap can sleep on the couch. The Floridian snickered to himself, shifting into a more comfortable position and falling into a grateful sleep. *I'll deal with everything else in the morning.*

Chapter End Notes

guys I'm so sorry for not updating :(
I apologize for such a short chapter, but I promise that the next ones will be where it gets better :D this was basically a filler
please go check out my new story shenanigans! for those of you who wanted the dr au, I'm really sorry but I want to respect content creator's wishes on that. but I am really enjoying writing the high school au, and another chapter of that should be out soon!
love,
puff

hope you're excited for this story! I have the first half a dozen chapters planned, and it doesn't even end there- excuse my mediocre writing as well please ;-;

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!